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The Catholic Lamp

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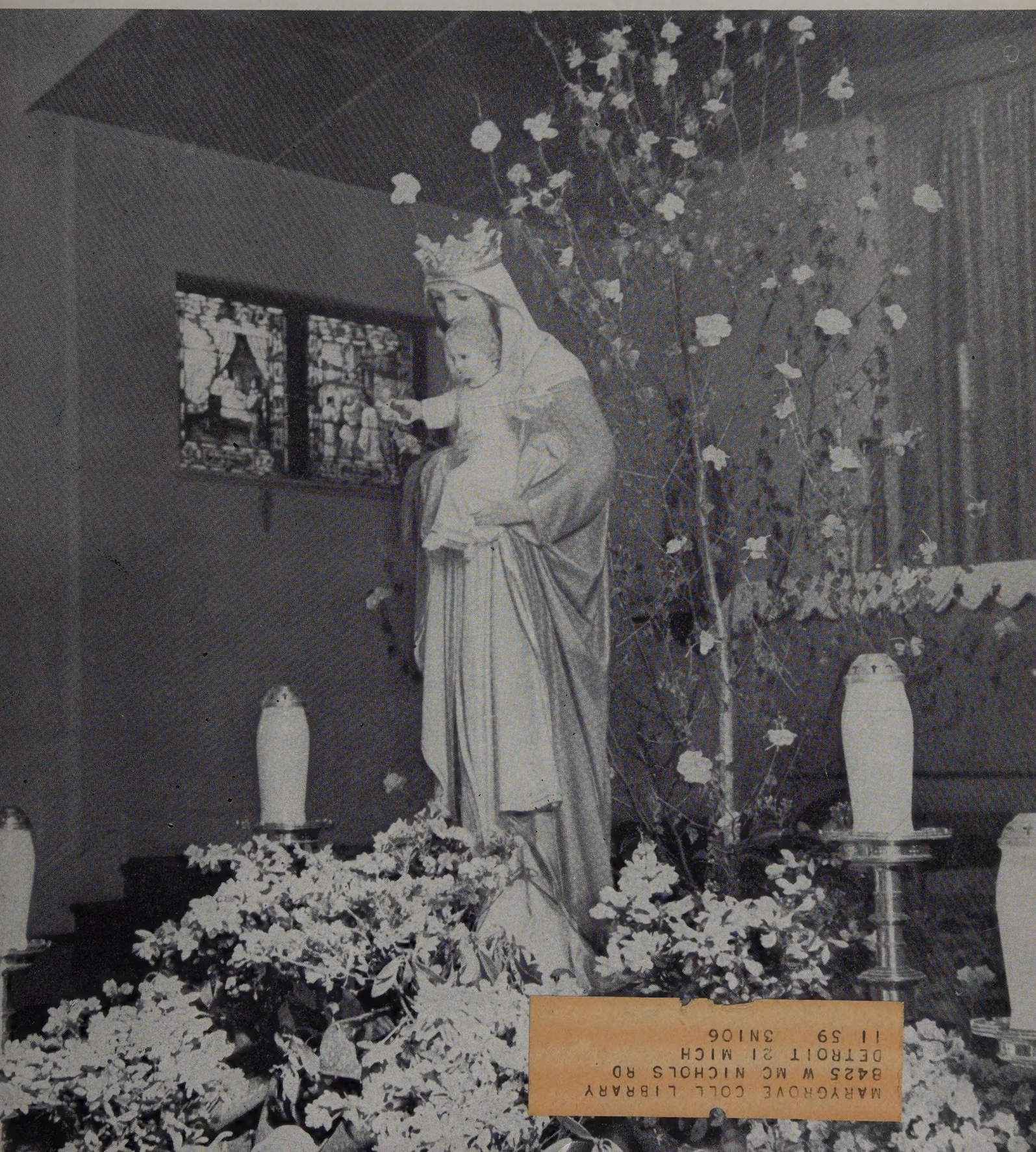

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The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS

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See back cover for details

This Month

Our Cover

During the month of May and October, the Catholic world honors Our Blessed Mother in a special way. Here at Graymoor, the Friars invoke Mary under the title of *Our Lady of the Atonement.* For this title is especially close to every Friar as the title given to Mary by Our Founder, Father Paul James Francis, S.A. as far back as July, 1901 when the Society was still in the Anglican Communion. His devotion to *Our Lady of the Atonement* was second only to that of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Today, the Friars still follow his beautiful custom of kneeling for a moment of prayer at her shrine before leaving Chapel.

Devoted as he was to the Atonement of Christ, Father Paul had Mary's image robed in blue with a mantle of blood-red in honor of the Precious Blood of the Atonement. For as Father wrote: "The connection of the Red Mantle with the Atonement is very obvious. It was during the shedding of the Most Precious Blood of her Divine Son, the very Blood which He had derived from her own Immaculate Heart, that the Redemption of the world was wrought and an Atonement made for the sins of the whole world." At another time, he wrote: "*Our Lady of the Atonement* stood by the Cross when the Atoning Sacrifice was enacted, and it is most fitting that she should wear a Red Mantle when accepting our homage and devotion under the title of the Atonement."

Since *Our Lady of the Atonement* holds such a prominent place in the hearts of the Friars, we honor her in a special way during the months of May and October. The cover of the LAMP, then, shows our specially prepared shrine in the Friar's Chapel. Brother Aquinas, S.A. designed this beautiful shrine and Father Romanus, S. A. Director of the Publicity Department, photographed it.

You will notice that the Christ

OUR LADY OF THE ATONEMENT

Child held by Mary stretches His arms out to the whole world to embrace it in His love. In His right hand, He holds a cross, the symbol of His Atoning Sacrifice on Calvary. *Mary, Our Lady of the Atonement,* offers His to us. We have but to receive His love, His peace, His grace into our hearts.

The statue of *Our Lady of the Atonement* fittingly recalls the special work of the Graymoor Friars to our minds, namely, UNITY. For when we separate the English word Atonement into three syllables, we realize that it expresses the AT-ONE-MENT, or the reconciliation of all men with Christ. By her special role in that Sacrifice, by her very presence at the foot of the Cross, *Our Lady of the Atonement* merits the title of OUR LADY OF UNITY. This is the will of Christ that all men might be one in Him. This is the will of Our Atonement Mother too. This is the special work of the Graymoor Friars who through their *Unity Apostolate* and especially through *The Chair of Unity Octave,* which Father Paul himself founded, pray and work unceasingly for the reunion of all men in Christ.

The Friars are happy, then, to display this picture of their shrine to *Our Lady of the Atonement* during this the Month of the Holy Rosary. And may we suggest that you call upon Mary under the title of the Atonement often in your prayers, for She who holds the Child in her arms will not fail to help you in your needs. By her Red Mantle of the Atonement, Mary shared intimately in the sufferings of Her Son. She will understand your sufferings in a special way; she will come to your assistance if you call upon her by that glorious title: *Our Lady of the Atonement.* †

Every Tuesday A NEW St. Anthony NOVENA

Finder of things lost
Worker of miracles
Helper in necessities

Ever since his canonization St. Anthony has been a favorite saint of millions. His interest in man and his prompt help have made him loved by all.

Every day we receive many petitions to be included in our perpetual novena. Many letters of thanksgiving for favors are received every day.

Why not invoke SAINT ANTHONY in your need

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT
GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence

Furniture

Dear Father: Some time ago I asked St. Anthony to help me dispose of some furniture. I promised publication in THE LAMP and a donation of two dollars. I am pleased to say my request was granted so please accept my donation. P.Q.

Missing Link

Dear Father: Enclosed please find $5.00. I promised this to St. Anthony for a favor I received.

I sent my laundry to be washed and forgot to remove a pair of Gold Cuff Links from one of my husband's shirts. I never missed the links until I was about to iron the shirt. Much to my surprise I found one link still in the cuff of the shirt, while the other one was missing. I immediately searched my yard to see if I could find any trace of the lost link, but to no avail. That night when I went to bed I begged St. Anthony to help me find the missing link because I knew my husband would be very hurt as I had given them to him many many years ago.

The following morning on my way to work I stopped at the laundry and asked the lady in charge if anyone had come across a missing link, and was I happy when the owner of the laundry told me that it had been found inside the washer. Thanks to St. Anthony. A.L.

Horse

Dear Father: This I send as I promised to St. Anthony whom I asked to intercede for my only horse, after she was hurt seriously. Thanks to the good Lord and His good saints she made a remarkable and almost complete recovery. I hope you can publish this in THE LAMP as I also promised to try to have done.

I am asking another and perhaps far greater favor of St. Anthony and his powers, regarding my health. I ask help for a bothersome growth in my throat. May I also ask that you and your friars pray for me, that I may get better? A.F.

Work

Dear Father: Two weeks ago I wrote to you and asked you for a special prayer so that my son-in-law would find work, and also promised St. Anthony a special donation.

I am happy to tell you that last Thursday he found employment in his line of work and his wife and three daughters are very happy.

You may publish this letter if you wish. Please accept my humble donation of $5.00. R.C.

Prayers Answered

Dear Father: About a year and a half ago I had a baby. When he was born he was a bluish-purple color and had to be put in an incubator. The doctor took all kinds of tests to see what was causing this. Of course I was terribly afraid it would be serious so I immediately turned to St. Anthony and promised a donation and to have a letter published in your magazine. It turned out to be only a blood circulation problem which cleared up in a few days. Now I have another 3 week old baby of perfect health and I had prayed to St. Anthony all through this pregnancy to have a normal healthy baby and since I had never fulfilled my promise from a year ago I am now trying to do so. I hope that you will publish this letter in your fine magazine.

We have 4 children now all under 4 years of age so our funds are so limited. Am hoping I'll have enough money to subscribe to your LAMP again as I enjoy it immensely. By the way, I named the last baby Bruce Anthony after our beloved Saint. Mrs. N.R.

Handbag

Dear Father: Enclosed find money order for $5.00 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for the recovery of my handbag which was left on a newsstand at an extremely busy intersection on a Saturday evening around 7 P.M. and I did not discover my loss until 9:30 A.M. the next day when I was leaving for Mass.

To me the recovery of my handbag was really a miracle. In it was my wallet with $45.00, my identifications and office keys.

I promised St. Anthony $5.00 and publication. It was really the first time I ever prayed to him. I have already prayed to the Sacred Heart through His Blessed Mother. Mrs. J.J.M.

Spine

Dear Father: I promised St. Anthony I would send $10.00 and a letter for publication if my granddaughter age 11 would recover from her spine operation.

It was a six and a half hour operation. They removed bones from both legs and fused them to the upper part of her spine. She remained in bed seven months in a cast not able to get up or sit.

Now she is back in school and not wearing a cast and is feeling fine.

My everlasting thanks to St. Anthony. May God bless you in your wonderful work. M.G.

Thanksgiving

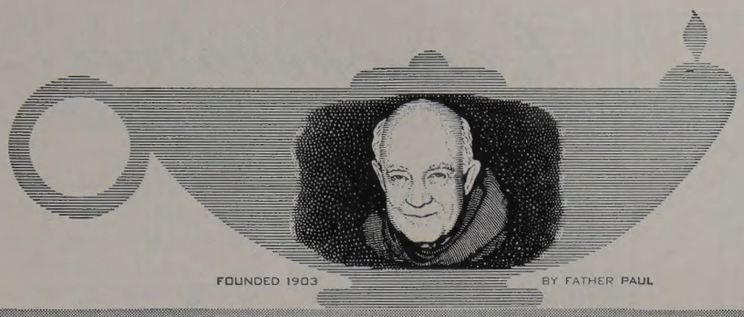
Dear Father: Enclosed you will find $1.00 for enrollment into St. Anthony's Legion.

I'm a widow of a little less than two months with four children ranging in

(*continued on page 6*)

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

October
1958



Volume Fifty-six
Number Ten

IN FOCUS . . . AS WE SEE IT

The Power of Our Queen Mother

AS May ushers in the glorious season of spring, so October brings us the beautiful season of autumn. Both months belong to Mary. The first month honors her as God's Mother, the fairest flower of paradise, to whom the words of St. Paul may be applied that she embodies "all that is true, all that is modest, all that is holy, all that is lovely. . . ."

October too is a beautiful month while nature dons her gorgeous colors before the sleep of winter. October is the month of Mary's Rosary, the only month of the year associated specifically with a particular prayer in the Church. More and more the Rosary has become the special prayer of all the faithful towards Our Lady, as in the words of Fr. Faber: "If the Eucharist is the testament of Jesus, the rosary is the testament of Mary."

Catholics honor Mary not simply as the gentle Maid of Nazareth whose piety and purity have attracted the world, but as the great power with God whom He wills to employ in His defeat of Satan and sin. Her personality spans the entire Bible, from the book of Genesis to the final work of the Apocalypse. She is promised in the threat against the devil: "I will placed enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed and she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." (Gen. 3:15) Mary is the great wonder of heaven whom St. John saw in his vision in the Apocalypse: "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars." (12:1).

THE history of the Church in these latter years is bound up with devotion to Mary. The feast of the Most Holy Rosary in October (7th) celebrates the victory of the Christian forces over the Turks at Lepanto in 1570. The feast of the Holy Name (Sept. 12) was established after John Sobieski, King of Poland, routed the invaders of Vienna in 1683; the festival of the Visitation (July 2) was raised in liturgical rank after Napoleon's hold on the papacy was broken; the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was instituted in 1942 by Pope Pius XII in order that all the world, and especially Russia, might be consecrated to the Mother of God.

Devotion to Mary is essential to Catholic life. We may also say, with some qualification, that love for the rosary is essential to Catholic practice. One is not bound to it, as one is bound to love Our Lady, but as the years pass the words of St. Pius X assume more convincing strength: "Of all prayers, the Rosary is the most beautiful and richest in graces; of all, it is the one which is most pleasing to Mary, the Virgin most holy. Therefore love the Rosary and recite it every day with devotion; this is the testament which I leave unto you that you may remember me by it."

THE Rosary is not so much a special devotion as a prayer which unites all devotions. It should be to the laity what the Divine Office is to the clergy. It is a profession of faith, a shield against temptation, the touchstone of Catholic practice. "It teaches us the place of Mary and shows us the mysteries of Jesus through her Immaculate Heart; it teaches us how she is the way to Him; it makes us do what she never ceased to do, meditate incessantly upon Him. It shows us, therefore, what she wishes us to do; it is her testament. . . . It is the truest means of loving her, for love consists in obedience and imitation. And whoever loves her, she will certainly lead to the Heart of her Son." (Fr. J. Ripley, *This is the Faith*)

We should be conscious of the power of the Rosary in all aspects of life—for the family, for society, for youth. We should realize its meaning for all who seek to imitate Christ. It is more than just another prayer to Mary; it is *the* prayer, approved and blessed by the Church, sanctioned by more than 50 Popes, and urged by many saints and holy persons, particularly in these last centuries.

There is another reason for praying the rosary—the cause of Christian Unity. As Pope Leo XIII wrote: ". . . We say that the Rosary is by far the best prayer by which to plead before Mary the cause of our separated brethren. . . . Every one of the multitudes whom the mischief of calamitous events has stolen away from Unity must be born again to Christ of that same Mother who God has endowed with a never-failing fertility to bring forth a holy people. And this Mary, for her part, longs to do." (*Adjutricem popoli,* 1895) Pray the Rosary daily—always. †

See back cover for details

Necrology

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Wm. Brown, John Henneberry, Edward Graham, Dick Couil, Jake Kilba, Anthony Berrie, John McKerrnan, Domonic Caffiero, Antonia Wieczorek, Catherine Stec, David G. Phelps, Mary Scanlon, Raymond Hilbrick, Rosalie D'Aleo, John E. Shields, Sadie Simone, Miss Anna Noll, Ellen Monshan, Louise Othot, Michael Sacco, William Kiley, Mary White, Stella M. Fuchs, Mary Zoler, John J. Normandy, Jr., Clement Harland, Frank Volonino, Anna Walsh, Mary Iannuzzi, Mrs. Collins, Mr. Flowers, George Jones, Anna Fallon, Mae Rooney, Irene Klim, Richard J. Brown, Anna Henneberry, Joseph Hettel, Mrs. Lawler, Charles Bonges, Mrs. Marher, Bill McKerrnan, Margaret McHugh, Sophie Harvey, Sister Justinian Niseman, PBVM, Lena V. La Fay, Edward J. McGrath, Margaret C. Sheridan, Norman Nickerson, Margaret C. Brooks, Michael Boland, Mary Turley, Bella Hoinacki, Lena Dragon, George Lawrence Fierst, Gertrude Mooney, Elizabeth Rengert, Mrs. J. E. McConnell, George D. Ridley, Margaret Lenbard, Margaret M. Seibert, Maurice Donovan, Louis V. Trahan, Julia Bemock, James Farrell, Violet Worth, Mrs. Edward Lynch, Charles Hanson, Rachel Sickman Evans, James Leo Geraghty, Lt. William Kiley.

Correspondence *Continued*

ages 15-14-9-7. My husband was a dining car waiter (a non-Catholic) who believed in his faith, practised it according to his upbringing, and was a good father and husband. I'm a convert of around twenty-eight years. All my children are baptized Catholics receiving their education in a Catholic Institution.

I wish to have my husband who died very suddenly of a heart attack enrolled in Perpetual Masses and Prayers for the Dead. I would like to add to this list both our parents.

I have been in ill health and unable to work for two years. I prayed for return to health and since my husband's death it just seems as though I was guided to a new doctor and have been under his care for six weeks and am improving so wonderfully. I feel that it is just a little less than a miracle that this doctor went right to the root of my illness and is working on a cure. I would like to acknowledge this. I have been a subscriber to THE LAMP.

Please, I ask for special prayers for my teen-agers that they may not become steeped in the sins of these present days. Pray that I may have wisdom and all the other qualities that a parent needs plus good example to guide their youth on the path that Almighty God would have them travel in this world.

I'm praying and hoping to have the Sacred Heart enthroned in my home by June 15. Pray that all obstacles may be removed and that I will not put it off a day longer and that great graces will be wrought among my non-Catholic relatives, in-laws, and neighbors. E.D.

Umbrella

Dear Father: About a week or so ago, I lost my keys in the office. I turned everything inside out—but no keys. There was a very important master key and it was imperative the keys be found, not to mention the four medals which I prized highly.

I promised St. Anthony a donation for the poor along with publication if he would find the keys, as plenty of times in the past when I lost something he always found them. I must say, though, when he did find them he sure put them in funny places.

Yesterday when I came to work the Superintendent held up my keys. St. Anthony did it again—he hid them in an umbrella I wasn't even near when I had the keys last. Mrs. A.F.Z.

All Employed

Dear Father: I am writing this letter to fulfill my promise to St. Anthony and ask that you please publish it in THE LAMP.

The Company with which I was employed terminated business recently and there was grave danger of some of the employees being without work. I promised St. Anthony a donation if all concerned would find employment. St. Anthony has answered our prayers and we are all satisfactorily settled in new positions.

Enclosed is a Money Order in the amount of $50.00 covering my donation. C.B.

On a Prayer

Dear Father: Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for St. Anthony's Bread Fund for the poor. This is an offering in thanksgiving which I have promised him. Also publication of this letter in THE LAMP.

We were making a trip to visit our folks over the Memorial Holiday, about 500 miles from our own home, and when we were about 250 miles from our destination we developed motor trouble. There was no way to have the car fixed without a new motor. The children wanted to see their grand-parents, uncles and aunts, and my husband did not have the heart to turn back. So we prayed to St. Anthony, Our Blessed Mother, and The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Many, many thanks to all for our prayers were heard. We arrived there safely—but this is one time our car ran on a prayer for we had no oil pressure. Mrs. R.J.K.

Relief

Dear Father: Enclosed please find $5.00. I promised St. Anthony I would send this if I could get rid of a severe pain in my back, as I have a gallbladder condition. I got the pain on going to bed the other evening. The pain started the same way I got two other attacks, but Father, I immediately called on St. Anthony to ask Our Blessed Lady to please intercede for me with her Divine Son in my behalf, and believe me the pain that was getting worse stopped and I went to sleep and slept all night.

For me this was unusual, however I did not know at the time that it was the first day of St. Anthony's Novena that I had intended to make starting the next day until my son Bill said: "Why Mom, this is the first day of the St. Anthony Novena." So you see, Father, St. Anthony gave me a real gift on the first day of his Novena although I didn't even know it at the time.

I promised this money for St. Anthony's Bread for the poor. I am so grateful to Our Lady of Fatima and St. Anthony for this grand favor, and last but not least to The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Please publish this letter as I promised I would ask to have it published in THE LAMP, your very wonderful magazine. Thanks again. Mrs. A.L.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

You may find a greater beauty in the Sacrifice of the Mass
by looking at it from a fresh point of view

A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

by LEO E. LAMPE

AFTER looking at a certain scene for years, you came to believe that you know every little detail of the scene. Perhaps it's a tree. You know every branch, bough and twig on that tree, don't you? Then one day, you approach it from a slightly different direction. Or at a different time of the day. Suddenly there is a new beauty that you didn't see before. You are surprised, thrilled. Here in this familiar sight, is something you had never noticed.

Perhaps by looking from a different point of view, we will find a greater beauty, a new value in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Let's try it; let's look at the Mass from the apologist's point of view.

Apologetics, you know, is the systematic proof of the truth of Christianity. When an apologist looks at the Mass, he sees definite proof for the truth of Catholicism. How about it—did you ever see the Mass like that? Well then, come along. We'll move into the apologist's pew and look at things from his angle.

BUT first we must have a lesson in Biblical history. Around 516 B.C., close to twenty-four centuries ago, the long Babylonian Captivity came to an end. King Cyrus gave the Jews permission to return to Jerusalem; he encouraged them to rebuild their city and their temple. Under the leadership of Esdras and Nehemias, the Jews set about their task. Only two of the twelve tribes were left—Juda and Benjamin. Historians have never been able to trace the other ten, the "Lost Tribes of Israel".

The rebuilding of the walls of the city proceeded well for a while. Opposition from neighboring nations, however, soon caused the Jews to grow despondent. As always in their sad history, they began to grumble and murmur against God, and then to forsake Him.

It was then that God raised up another prophet to try to draw His people back to Him. The prophet was Malachias, and his chief mission was to quiet the murmuring of the Jews. He tried to convince them that it was they who were forsaking God; God was not forsaking them.

Malachias must have given many lectures and sermons. Later, these were condensed and put to writing. This writing is known to us now as the Prophecy of Malachias. In our Bible, it is placed between the Prophecy of Zacharias and the First Book of the Maccabees.

THE point of the Prophecy of Malachias is this: The Jews have scorned their God. They were slovenly in their offerings. The coarsest bread, the crippled, deformed animals, these were good enough sacrifices for God.

"The son gives due respect to his father," the Lord complains through His prophet; "and the servant gives due respect to his master. I, the Lord, am your Father. Where is the honor you owe Me? I am your Master. What reverence have you shown Me?"

One day, Malachias says, the Lord will flatly refuse any Jewish sacrifice. For there will be a new Sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God. Malachias speaks in a "prophetic present" tense. That is, the future is so vivid in his mind that he speaks as if this Sacrifice is actually being offered in his own time.

"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered

See back cover for details

to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts."

Those words form the eleventh verse of the first chapter of Malachias' prophecy. It is evident from the general tone of the prophecy that the sacrifice described will be offered by the Messiah and His followers. The Book of Malachias, short though it is, is jam-packed with Messianic references, especially chapter three:

"Behold I send my angel (John the Baptist), and he shall prepare the way before my face. And presently the Lord whom you seek (Christ) and the angel of the testament whom you desire, shall come to this temple. Behold He (Christ) cometh, saith the Lord of hosts. And who shall be able to think of the day of His coming? And who shall stand to see Him? . . . He shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold and as silver, and they shall offer sacrifices to the Lord in justice."

And in chapter four:

"But unto you that fear my name, the Son of Justice (Christ) shall arise, and health in His wings. And you shall go forth, and shall leap like calves of the herd."

Now it follows that the true Church of God will have just such a sacrifice as Malachias described. It must be a "clean oblation", offered "from the rising of the sun even to the going down". This Sacrifice is to be offered "in every place" and "among the Gentiles". For the burden of this Book is precisely to show that the Jews have failed God and that the Messianic Kingdom will be both a restoration and a fulfillment of all the promises and prophecies of all times. It simply remains for our apologist to find a religion with such a sacrifice.

Could it have been a purified, reformed Jewish sacrifice? No; nothing like that. The prophet distinctly says that the Sacrifice would be among the Gentiles.

How about some other religion which perhaps flourished during the prophet's time? No. Because Malachias said the Sacrifice would be world-wide—in "every place". If such a Sacrifice were universal, historians would certainly know about it. And there was no wide-spread religion, embracing all nations, before the time of Christ. Besides that, there was no pagan religion which could possibly offer a "clean oblation". For the most part, pagan ceremonies were grossly immoral, not stopping even at sacrificing human beings.

It is not, then, until the time of Christ that a Sacrifice, a pure offering, is made in the name of the Lord of Hosts. All other sacrifices, except the rejected Jewish sacrifice, were offered to false gods.

Jesus Christ offered the perfect Sacrifice on Mount Calvary. He offered His immolation in the name of the Lord, and it was an infinitely pure offering. But it was not Christ's death which Malachias had in mind. The Crucifixion took place only once, not "from the rising of the sun even to the going down". Christ was crucified only in one place, Golgatha, not in "every place" as the prophet foretold. Finally, the Crucifixion on Calvary was a bloody Sacrifice. The Hebrew word which Malachias used, *minca,* implies an unbloody Sacrifice. The prophet, therefore, was not speaking of the immolation of Christ Himself, but rather of the constant and universal Sacrifice of Christ's Church.

Now, as we know from the New Testament, Christ gave His Apostles the power and the authority to repeat this Sacrifice in an unbloody way. By the sacrament of Holy Orders, Christ made His Sacrifice perpetual. Bread and wine were to become His Body and Blood.

Here, at last, we have a clean oblation, Christ Himself, which is offered among the Gentiles throughout the world. At every minute of the day, this Holy Sacrifice is being offered somewhere in the world.

The apologist is now adding the final strands to his web of logic. Malachias considered this Sacrifice which he foretold to be a distinguishing mark of the Messianic religion. Yet where but in the Catholic Church do you find so much as an attempt at such a Sacrifice. Even those sects which copy some of the external ceremonies of the Mass claim only that their "sacrifice" *represents* Christ. They do not say, as we do, that the Blessed Sacrament *is* Christ, and that the Sacrifice of the Mass *is* an unbloody repetition of the bloody Sacrifice on Mount Calvary.

Some sects which call themselves Christian say that a "moral" sacrifice is enough. "Sacrifice your spirit on the altar of your heart", or some such hazy thing. Malachias, however, was not hazy. He was speaking of something real, something tangible, which was placed on an altar and immolated to God. His Hebrew was too precise to mean anything else.

The sect closest to Catholicism, as far as external ceremonies go, is the High Anglican religion. Even here it can be proven historically and theologically that the line of succession between the Apostles and the Anglican bishops has been broken. It follows that the power and authority which Christ gave to the Apostles has not been transmitted to the Anglicans. Their sacrifice is not the Sacrifice of Calvary.

So there we have it; and our sincere thanks to the apologist. The Mass, as it is sacrificed by the Holy Roman Catholic Church, is the only form of Sacrifice which can possibly fill Malachias' prophecy. It is a pure offering—as pure as Christ Himself. For It *is* Christ Himself. It is offered throughout the world, day in and day out, with no basic change since Christ first offered It (*Cont. on page* 28)

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

Graymoor In Japan

Conducted by Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

Bishop Luke Arai, Fr. Hyacinth, S.A., and Fr. Iwanaga at the blessing of St. Francis Church.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI CHURCH, NAKANO. *In past issues of* THE LAMP *we have written of Fr. Didacus Colton, S.A., and his mission church in Nakano. The mission was appropriately named in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, who gloried in holy poverty.*

The former church, converted from a small factory building, had no benches or chairs and could accommodate only 50 people. The new building, constructed from salvaged lumber donated by the U.S. Army, now has a wooden floor and benches and a seating capacity of 200.

* * *

Blessed by Bishop Arai. Last June 22 the Most Rev. Luke Arai, Bishop of Yokohama, dedicated the new church, rectory and kindergarten classrsooms. Nearly all the village assembled for the blessing for they are proud of their new Catholic Church. Fr. Ambrose Kenney, S.A., is acting pastor at the present time while Fr. Didacus is enjoying a well-earned rest with his mother in Portland, Me., after six years of fruitful labor.

* * *

AFTER THE BLESSING. Following the ceremonies there was a dinner attended by several priests and a number of civic officials. The Bishop spoke of the universality of the Catholic Church and how this should be apparent to all. American priests are making every sacrifice and effort to give true training and education, based on Christian principles, to the Japanese people.

Other speakers included the Deputy Governor of Tsukui-gun, the local mayor and head of the township, the principals of several public schools, the Chief of Police and the Chief of the Fire Department. These gentlemen spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Friars. One guest, though not a Catholic, spoke of Fr. Didacus and his work as the exemplification of the spirit and ideals of St. Francis. He was greatly impressed with Fr. Didacus' love for the poor; he told how the children of the village constantly follow him on parish calls through the countryside.

* * *

"Receive the Holy Ghost." On the same day the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Church was filled to capacity as Catholics and pagans knelt together witnessing the reception of the sacrament. For many it was the first Catholic ceremony they had seen. Because of their interest in the ceremonies and their joy in the new church, doubtless many will return again to satisfy their curiosity and their longing for the truth. The Church in Nakano, erected in the name and according to the spirit of the gentle Poverello, will surely be a beacon light to many souls in Japan. We ask our readers to continue their prayers and alms for this holy purpose.

Confirmation Class. The Bishop poses with those who have just received the Sacrament of Confirmation from his hands. Fr. Ambrose, S.A., is on the right.

In Praise of the Friars. Mr. Imai, English teacher at one of the local schools, speaks at the dedication dinner. Some artistic creations of the kindergarten class adorn the wall.

See back cover for details

SUBURBAN

The move from the city into suburbia
was not the same as the entrance
into the promised land
yet it was good

REAPPRAISAL

I DO not feel we were caught up in a tide. Nor was anyone really. But, like many veterans, the pressures to move from city to suburb, while individual and personal with each ("let's move out where the kids can have some light and room" or "we could buy for the rent we're paying") were a product of certain outside forces. There was the G.I. Bill; the mass production of low priced homes, the sub-dividing of the once large estates.

But, perhaps, there were other, less tangible motives. Perhaps the men who had fought so hard and well for the land now felt a deep yearning to own one small portion of it somewhere. Or it could have been that depression raised men and women, recalling the luxury synonymous with home ownership represented in those dark days, now saw such security in reach and, with wordless joy, seized it.

REAL or not, few discuss those things. We all found other reasons. We found the apartment too cramped; the city streets too frightening; the city schools, indeed the city ways themselves, too old, and the memories of growing up in their cold, concrete confines, too distressing. So five years ago, we joined not the vanguard but not the rear guard either, of the movement from city to suburb.

Perhaps we differed from the norm in at least one respect. We did not buy in a development. But we found a fine, large house that was twenty-five years old and in excellent shape. "They don't build them like this anymore," the agent said and we concurred never realizing, as we do now, that they do not have to build them like that anymore than they build cars or planes to their 1929 dimensions.

Five years later we can look back on the experience and find, that the net result has been good. But it has not turned out to be the promised land, exactly. And we can now appreciate some of the virtues and advantages of the city we left. But the good, in our estimation, outweighs the bad. If we had it to do all over again we would and not too differently.

THE suburbs seem to offer the greatest advantages to the children. They do get more air. They do have more room. They do attend modern schools and they have the security of being in a house in which nobody lives upstairs, downstairs or across the hall. They have a far more active social life—a far busier schedule—far more varied interests. Since they were the reason—or at the very least the excuse—the whole project can be justified on the gains for them.

My wife's day has changed. A large house is more work than a small apartment but not in direct proportion because of the difference (which I do not profess to understand) between clean dirt of the suburbs and the dirty dirt of the city. She spends more time with, (*Cont. on page* 18)

by JOHN J. RYAN

Afraid of death?
Here is the minute account of a man who died singing!

THE DAY FRANCIS OF ASSISI DIED

by FRIAR JEREMY HARRINGTON, O.F.M.

FRANCIS could not see the sunrise. But the larks described it for him with joyous twitters. The sun streamed into the hut where Francis lay behind the chapel of St. Mary of the Angels. The rays spotlighted a man wasted away with sickness. Francesco Bernardone, one time son of a rich cloth merchant, was lying flat on his back with just a piece of sacking between himself and the Italian soil. He drew his blind eyes more tightly shut. The warming sun made him want to sing, to sing the Psalms as his Brothers were doing in the little chapel. This was Saturday, October 3, 1226. The day Francis of Assisi died.

In a few minutes, the Brothers were entering the hut to see how their father was. He had been in poor health for several years now. Six months before, Brother Elias, the superior of the entire Franciscan Brotherhood, had taken Francis to the physicians at the Papal court. The doctors said it was his liver, his stomach, his spleen, and his eyes. A few weeks later he developed dropsy. Francis would smile through the pain and admit, "Brother Ass isn't good for much any more." He often referred to his body as "Brother Ass."

BROTHER Elias had an armed guard escort the Little Poor Man back to his home in Assisi. The soldiers were needed to prevent a neighboring city from kidnapping the dying saint.

As the Brothers filed into his hut, Francis greeted them, "Good morning, my good Brothers." To their question of how he felt, he gave a gesture of dismissal and added quickly, "Let's sing the *Canticle of the Sun.* It's a wonderful morning!"

Elias smiled defeatedly. By now he was resigned to this deathbed singing. When Francis was at the Bishop's palace—again a safety measure lest the Perugians take the saint by storm—Brother Elias had reproached him, " You will scandalize the people with all this singing." Francis explained that he was thinking of how good God was and of the joys that would follow death. Even Elias had to admit that such things were worth singing about.

NOW Elias was chanting with the other Brothers the canticle they had sung so often. Francis could sing only with his soul. His lips were too weak to cooperate.

Altissimo, omnipotente, bon Signore . . .
Most High, Omnipotene, Good Lord, (*)
To You be all praise, glory, honor and benediction.

Praise be You, my Lord, by means of Your creatures,
And most especially through noble Brother Sun.
Who makes the day, and illumines us by his light.

Over the Umbrian hills rang the praises of God through Sister Moon, and Brother Wind, through Sister Water and Brother Fire, and through "our Sister Mother Earth." Then came the verses on death that Francis had added to the *Canticle* just a few weeks before.

Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Bodily Death,
From whom no living person can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin!
But blessed are those found in Your most holy Will,
For the second death will do them no harm.

Praise and bless the Lord,
And thank Him and serve Him with great humility.

(*Cont. on page* 18)

(*) English Translation by Marian Douglas, O.F.M., *St. Anthony Messenger,* Vol. 59, No. 12, May, 1952, p. 11. Reprinted with permission from *St. Anthony Messenger.*

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

St. Francis blessed the city of Assisi

See back cover for details

"Katherine, you're a busy-body. When are you going to stop meddling in our lives?"

Church laws on marriage are very tricky propositions.

You have to suspend judgment until you know all

the facts. Katherine sure found that out to her sorrow

INVITATION ACCEPTED

by MARY ROGERS

KATHERINE BARRETT had never seen anyone quite so angry as Brad Sanders. Her tall red-headed neighbor stood in the center of the living room. His bristly crewcut seemed to throw off sparks, his green eyes accused as he roared at her: "Katherine, you're a busybody. When are you going to stop meddling in our lives?"

"I hadn't realized I was meddling, Brad," Katherine said fighting down an impulse to shout back at him. "I don't understand why you're so angry."

"Holy cow! The woman's breaking up our marriage and she wonders why I'm angry." He addressed himself to George Barrett who reluctantly abandoned his easy chair. George gave a last longing look at the TV, then clicked off the ventriloquist on the Ed Sullivan show.

"Can't hear a thing with all that racket," he muttered. Then turning to Brad he said: "Now, let's calm down boy. We can't get anywhere hollering at each other. Sit down here," he said motioning to a chair. "And let's talk this thing over sensibly. We don't want to wake the kids."

Katherine could see that Brad wasn't going to be smoothed over as easy as George's voice implied he should. It shocked and frightened her to see the good-natured man whom she had known change into this semblance of a green-eyed monster. Could this be the same Brad whose disarming smile had always made her feel "he's good to know," and whose imitations of Perry Como winging across the driveway always caused George and her to stop what they were doing and exchange amused smiles.

"He's acting like a bullhead," she thought, as he stood ignoring George's request.

"Do you know what she's done?" Brad said thrusting his neck forward and squinting at them through half-closed eyes. "Not only has she tried to talk my wife into joining her Church, now she tells her if she joins she'll have to give me up because I've been married before. That's all your wife has done, George. Nice, isn't it? Real nice. Nice Christian woman your wife is."

She felt sorry for George. He looked so bewildered and taken back by this sudden interruption to his usually pleasant Sunday night. It pleased her when he came over and put a protective arm about her.

"But Brad," Katherine said. "When Donna first became interested in Catholicism, I didn't know you had another wife."

"What do you mean *another* wife? You talk like I'm a bigamist or something. I've got a legal divorce. Donna is my wife and I intend to keep her. "We've been happily married for two years and now you're messing it all up. I wasn't going to object if she turned Catholic. I'd go along with that, but damn it," he said turning to George, "you wouldn't expect me to sit back and let her wreck the only happiness I've ever known?"

His voice broke in a sob and most of the fury went out of him. He sat down finally in the chair George had offered. He looked so young and dejected sitting there with his slender hands covering his face that Katherine felt an impulse to go to him and comfort him but she didn't quite know how. Instead George walked over and thumped Brad's shoulder.

"Sorry, Brad," he said. "Can't blame you much for being worked up, but I'm sure Katherine meant no harm. We'll have to figure something out."

Brad stood up and walked to the door. He looked back over his shoulder, his face still unfriendly. "*You'll* have to or I'll take Donna away from here."

As the door closed behind him George asked: "What will you do now, talk Donna out of becoming a Catholic?"

"I'm afraid Brad's already done that. Oh, George, I just don't know what to do now. Donna was going to start taking instructions next week. We were going to see Father Ryan in a few days."

"Maybe you forced this on Donna. Are you sure she's not just trying to please you? You know, Katherine, you do have a bit of an obsession about trying to convert people." His voice was serious but he smiled as he continued. (*Cont. on page* 22)

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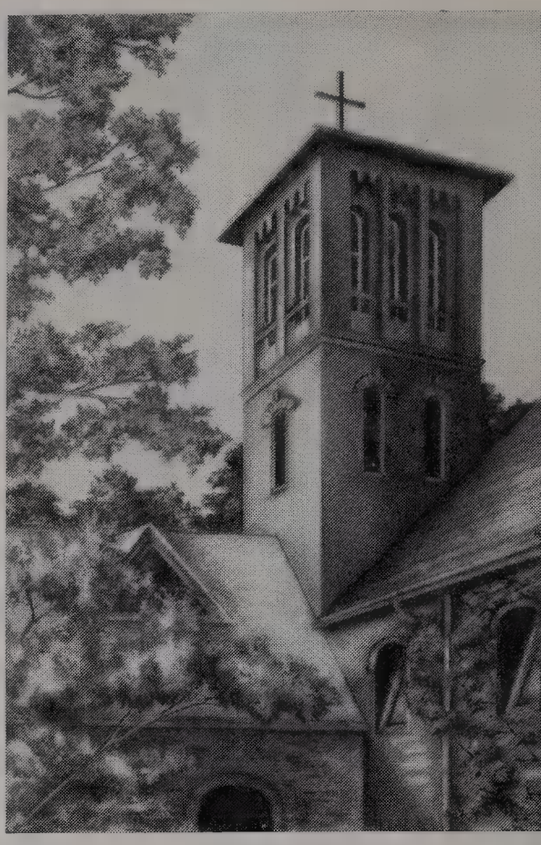
Graymoor Annals



NEW BUILDING

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES in writing the Graymoor Annals for THE LAMP is that, since the copy has to be prepared for publication about six weeks before the publication date, you're constantly faced with the necessity of hazarding an intelligent guess concerning what is going to happen, or else waiting so long for things to happen that the telling no longer is newsworthy. Sometimes this works pretty well. At other times it doesn't work at all.

For instance, the bids for the construction of the new St. Pius X Seminary to be built here at Graymoor submitted and opened on August 14. That's a long time ago and consequently it may seem somewhat peculiar to have it appearing in the October issue. But we couldn't guess in time for the September issue, so there was nothing that we could do but wait until now to tell you.

At any rate, the bid of the Walter Kidde Construction Company, being low, was accepted on that day and a few days later the workmen arrived to begin. The construction will take approximately two years so we should be open for school by September 1960. This will be a tremendous boon for all of us. We have desperately needed the extra room at Graymoor. Moreover our students, particularly the friars studying philosophy, needed better accommodations. For the next two years they will have to continue at Saranac Lake where actually hardly anything is suitable at all. But we can all look forward to the day when this situation will be remedied.

The coming of the workmen put an end to the labors of Fr. Bonaventure, S.A., Fr. Normand, S.A. and the clerics, brothers, and postulants who were assisting them on the demolition of old St. John's and the excavation for the new building. They did a tremendous amount of work, drilling, blasting, and excavating thousands of loads of solid rock. It would be hard to estimate the monetary value of the work they so generously and competently did, but it runs into thousands and thousands of dollars.

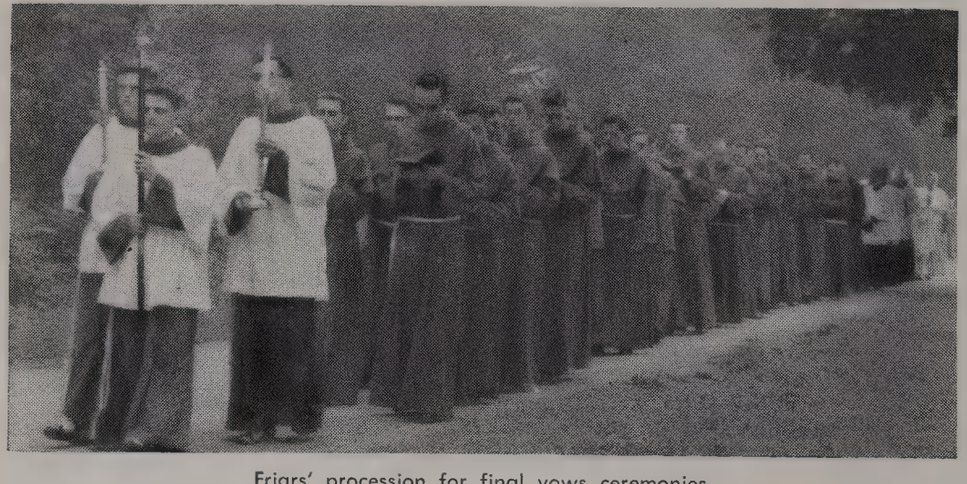
FR. JOHN FOREST

A FEW WEEKS AGO down at the Convent we saw a picture of Fr. John Forest Tierney, S.A., saying Mass at the Grotto in Lourdes. We thought it would make a fine picture for THE LAMP, and so we take pleasure in reproducing it here. At the same time it suddenly struck us that Father John's name is very seldom mentioned in THE LAMP. He's one of those friars —and we have lots of them—whose quiet manner of working and whose important and necessary but hidden assignments never make the splash that renders something newsworthy. So we thought we'd like to tell you a little bit about him.

Fr. John Forest, S.A., came to Graymoor in 1937 after attending Cooper Union in New York City. He was professed in 1939 and after making his seminary studies at Graymoor and Washington, was ordained there in 1945. Ever since that time he has been stationed at the Mother House. During the time he was here he was assistant at St. Christopher's Inn and assistant on the Ave Maria Hour. He acted also for two terms as Chaplain to our Graymoor Sisters. In 1949 he was elected Secretary General of the Friars of the Atonement and reelected in 1955.

This year during the Lourdes Centennial, Mother Monica asked him to go to the famous shrine of Our Lady and say Mass there for the intention of the Sisters. Father John was happy to accede to the request. On that visit to Europe he was able to visit Rome and Assisi also and had the happiness of saying Mass at the Tomb of Pope St. Pius X, at the Tomb of St. Peter, at the Tomb of St. Monica (the patroness of the Superior General of the Sisters of the Atonement) at the Tomb of St. Francis, at the Tomb of St. Clare, and in the Portiuncula, the Basilica of Our Lady of the Angels.

Father John has two sisters in religion, Sr. Eileen Veronica of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity and Sr. Sarah Francis of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Brentwood, L.I.



Friars' procession for final vows ceremonies

CONGRATULATIONS

THE GREAT EVENT in the life of a Priest is his ordination; the great event in the life of a Graymoor Brother is his final profession. Last month because of the long lists of newly clothed, professed, and finally professed we did not have space to offer our congratulations to Bro. Aquinas, S.A. on this great event in his life. We hasten to do it now.

Bro. Aquinas Piacentino came to Graymoor from Mt. Vernon, N. Y. in 1950. After finishing his course at the A. B. Davis High School there he worked for about a year and a half as a draftsman for the San Born Map Company, drawing maps for fire insurance purposes. He was clothed in our Holy Habit on Sept. 7, 1950 at

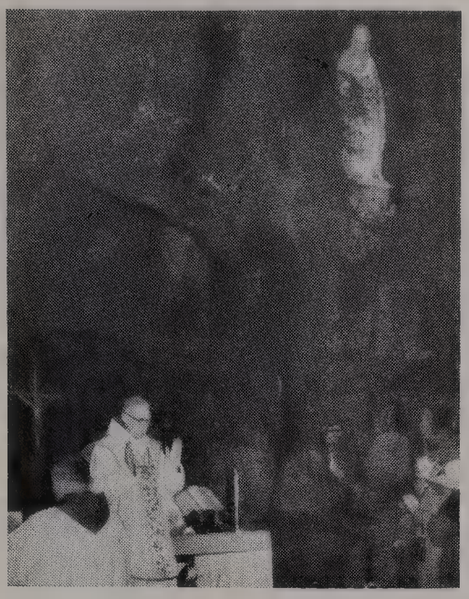
our novitiate in Saranac Lake. He went to Valley Falls, R. I. with the rest of the novices when the novitiate was transferred there. He made the first profession of his vows on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, Sept. 8, 1952. Bro. Aquinas took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience as a Friar of the Atonement for life on July 29, 1958.

Since his profession Bro. Aquinas worked for a short time in the offices and kitchen but the most of his religious life has been spent as sacristan in charge of the chapels at Graymoor. The work is extremely important and the length of time that he spent at it attests Bro. Aquinas' proficiency.

NEW EDITOR

BEGINNING WITH the November issue Fr. Ralph Thomas, S.A., takes over as editor of the LAMP. Though he was appointed some time ago, a prior commitment to work and study at Westminster Cathedral in England prevented him from beginning his assignment earlier. However, this particular work and study in which he has been engaged during the summer, together with Fr. Roger Matzerath, S.A. and Fr. DeSales Standerwick, S.A., treating Christian Unity and Ecumenism, will be of great value to him as the new editor.

Fr. Ralph comes from Lourdes, Nova Scotia. Like most of the rest of us he made his preparatory studies at the old St. John's at Graymoor. During his seminary days at Washington he took extra courses in English at the Catholic University, leading to the Master of Arts degree in Literature. As a cleric too, before his ordination, he taught at St. John's during summer school. After his ordination in 1946 he was assigned to teach English at St. John's at Graymoor, together with allied subjects. He was



Fr. John Forest at Lourdes

transferred to Montour Falls when the college was moved and has been there ever since. As a professor, Fr. Ralph was an outstanding success and we very confidently predict that he will enjoy equal success in his new work.

CHAPLAIN

THERE IS A GREAT NEED for chaplains in the Armed Services of our country and the Military Ordinariate which takes care of the Catholics in the Army, Navy, and Air Forces has been continually requesting ecclesiastical superiors for them. But there is so much work elsewhere, too, and the number of priests has been spread so thin that even now the positions open to Catholic chaplains have not been filled.

However, our Fr. Paul Haefner, S.A. recently completed his basic training as a chaplain at Fort Slocum, L.I., and has been assigned to his regular position in the Army.

Fr. Paul has been a member of the Graymoor Mission Band ever since he was ordained in 1949. An outstanding preacher, he will be missed, but in his new work in the Army he has a broad and fertile field.

We have two other chaplains also; Fr. Dennis Murphy, S.A. in the Army and Fr. Pius Keating, S.A. in the Navy.

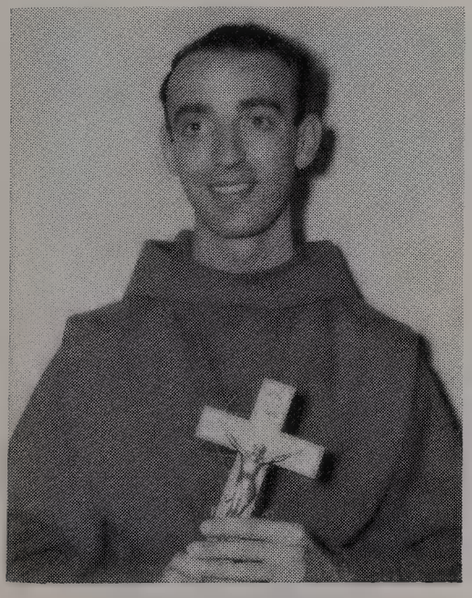
PILGRIMAGE

OUR PILGRIMAGE SEASON ends this year as always on the last Sunday of October, the Feast of Christ the King. If you have an opportunity to visit us before the close of the season, do so by all means. In the Fall, Graymoor is particularly beautiful. The changing colors of the trees on the surrounding hills, the cool, crisp air, the quiet of our Mountain really are both corporally and spiritually invigorating.

On Sundays we have several pilgrimage Masses. The cafeteria is open, and we have services in honor of St. Anthony every Sunday afternoon. You are very welcome weekdays, too, but the cafeteria in not open then nor are there any formal and scheduled devotions. But the scenery is still here, and the air is just as good, and the quiet then is even more pronounced.

GRAYMOOR NEWS SERVICE

THE PICTURE ON THE COVER this month, the picture of Fr. Paul Haefner, S.A., the picture of Cardinal Canali last month, as well as a good number of other pictures we have used in past issues have been supplied us by the Graymoor News Service. Set up in recent years by Fr. Alcuin Egan, S.A., the Graymoor News Service is now under the direction of Fr. Romanus Dunne, S.A. Father Romanus, who spent several years teaching both at Montour Falls and Saranac Lake, is now in charge of the Ave Maria Hour also. †



Bro. Aquinas Piacentino, S.A.

Fr. Paul Haefner, S.A.

Fr. Ralph Thomas, S.A.

See back cover for details

Day Francis of Assisi Died

Continued from page 12

The superior of St. Mary of the Angels broke the reverent silence that followed the song. He asked Francis if there was anything he could get him. There was nothing. "But, Father," Francis said, "may I die stripped of my outer habit?" The superior nodded his head yes. The Little Poor Man was overjoyed. Twenty years before he had begun to "live the Holy Gospel" by giving back even his clothes to his money-minded father, Pietro Bernardone. Now he would pass out of this world owning no more than when he was born into it forty-six years earlier.

"I have done what was mine to do," he told the Brothers. "May Christ teach you what is yours."

Throughout the morning, different Brothers watched with their Father. Occasionally one of them would ask Francis a question or beg his prayers for some special intention. The chaplain for the Poor Clares at St. Damian's convent informed the Poverello that St. Clare and her nuns were grieving and praying for him. "Tell Lady Clare," Francis instructed the chaplain, "that I forbid her to give way to sadness. I promise that she and her Sisters will see me again." And so it happened. The saint's corpse was carried in triumphant procession to St. Damian's the next day.

About mid-morning the noble Roman Lady, Jacopa de Settesoli came to see Francis. "Peace and everything good, Brother Jacopa," the saint greeted her. "Brother" was a title of honor that the Little Poor Man bestowed upon Jacopa because she imitated his ideals so closely. He talked to her of loving God and of living according to the Gospel. Often, Jacopa could answer nothing. She struggled to hold back her tears, because she knew they would displease Francis.

Almost miraculously she had come to Assisi for the saint's death. He was just having a letter written asking her to come. He also requested that she bring a burial shroud for him and some of the almond cakes he liked. Jacopa arrived spontaneously a few minutes later. She had been warned of Francis's approaching death as she was praying. With her she had the items Francis desired.

Francis could not eat any dinner.

After the Brothers had finished their meal, the saint asked that all be called to his hut. He wanted to speak with them once more before he died. When all had gathered, he consoled them about his death. "You are not losing much, Brothers, except someone to take care of." With some long halts in which to recoup his strength, Francis spoke to them earnestly of observing patience, and poverty, of being faithful to the Church, and of observing the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Then crossing his arms in the form of a cross as he was wont to do, he blessed his Brothers. Those present and those absent, as well as those that were to follow him in the centuries to come—all received the saint's benediction. Francis was overcome with emotion as he had been when he blessed the city of Assisi some weeks before. He searched hard for words. "I bless all of my Brothers as much as I can —and more than I can!"

It was evening. The body of the saint jerked with pain. His chest heaved up and down. As if talking to no one here on earth, Francis cried, "Welcome, Sister Death!"

The doctor arrived. He had predicted months previously that the holy man would die the last of September or the first part of October. Now as the doctor examined the saint, he realized death was very imminent. In compassion for the weeping Brothers, he said nothing. The dying man sensed that the doctor was withholding his diagnosis. "Announce my approaching death boldly, Brother Doctor," Francis commanded him cheerfully. "Death is the door of life for me."

Francis asked Brother Elias to have his outer habit removed now, so he could die possessing nothing. He even wanted the piece of sacking which served him as a bed taken away. When they laid him on the ground, a gasp went through the group of Brothers. Some of them were seeing clearly for the first time the wounds of Christ Francis had received two years ago. On the palm of each hand they saw a black scab, the size of a large-headed nail. They beheld the same on the top of each foot. On the back of each hand and on the bottoms of his feet, they saw the skin pushed up and bent over like a nail. On the left side of his breast was a large wound—such as would be made by the thrust of a lance. It was red with blood. Francis quickly covered the wound in his side with his left hand. At his request, ashes were sprinkled over his body. The Poor Man of Assisi was ready to die.

There was one more thing. "Would someone," he asked, "please read the Gospel of St. John starting with 'Before the festival day of the pasch, Jesus knowing that his hour was come. . . .'" The Brothers thought he would wish this. They had the Bible ready. Slowly, Christ's last words to the Apostles and the account of the Passion were read. Francis began to weep softly, as often happened when he thought of Christ's sufferings and love for men.

The sun was balancing itself on the horizon when the reading was finished. Summoning all his strength, Francis burst into his last song. It was Psalm 141:

> I cried to the Lord with my voice: (*)
> With my voice I made supplication to the Lord.

He motioned for all of the Brothers to sing along.

> . . . I cried to thee, O Lord: I said: Thou art my hope my portion in the land of the living.
> Attend to my supplication: for I am brought very low.
> Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name:
> the just wait for me, until thou reward me.

During the last verse, Francis of Assisi died. Brother Thomas of Celano, his first biographer records, "Francis went into eternity singing." For good reason was he called "Brother Everglad." †

(*) Translation from the Douay Version.

Suburban Reappraisal

Continued from page 11

and in proximity to, the children in the suburbs than she was able to in the city. They are generally nearby, in yard or wooded lots, or in supervised recreation such as the Little League, Scouts and similar activities.

Her social life is more active. More demands to join this or that organization, fund drive or community effort (of which there are many). The phone has surely become a more active instrument. And there are for her as well, more moments of joy. The house itself, plants poking through the moist earth, the wonder of roses, the sense of well being. There is too the friendliness, the camaraderie of people all in more or less the same income bracket (high middle) the common interest in children.

In fact that is one of the flaws. There is much sameness. For example, you rarely see old people—that is people past retirement age. You rarely see young married people. In both extremes a house represents a luxury they cannot yet afford or can no longer afford. You do not see much poverty—nor any of its by-products. Thus the suburban population tends toward sameness—all home owners,

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Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

By the Light of the Lamp

SCANDAL . . . Would you please tell me when a person sins by giving scandal? Could you give some examples of when it would be a serious sin?

A person sins by scandal when he induces someone to commit sin.

A girl who dressed immodestly with the intention of leading a boy astray would certainly be guilty of a serious sin of scandal.

Girls who dress immodestly, either through foolishness or through a slavish imitation of current and extreme styles, but who have no intention of leading anyone astray may sin venially by scandal because, in fact, their attire is an occasion of sin to many.

Likewise a Catholic could sin by scandal in attending a Class B or C moving picture. Others seeing him go might figure "If it's all right for him it's all right for me."

CHRIST'S SOUL . . . Did Christ have a human soul?

Christ did have a human soul, for without it He could not have been truly Man. His human nature and divine nature existed distinctly and separately in one person. He never ceases to be God during His sojourn on earth.

VISIT . . . What do Catholics mean when they "make a visit" to the Blessed Sacrament?

Catholic churches are always open during the day, and the Church encourages its members to visit Our Lord as often as possible. Even a few minutes spent in meditation or prayer can touch the gentle Heart of Christ, Who is present on the altar in the Blessed Sacrament.

AUTHORITY . . . Don't converts find it hard to sacrifice self-determination in matters of religion when they become Catholics and accept the authority of the Church?

It certainly would be a foolish sacrifice if the Church were a human institution. But the Church is a divine institution founded by the Son of God. Any sacrifice made for Him is a sacrifice of love and will be infinitely rewarded. He demands nothing that is not essential for salvation. Hence the only freedom converts lose is liberty to renounce the doctrines of God for the fallible creeds of men.

MARY . . . Is Mary really the Mother of God or only the Mother of Christ's human nature?

Mary is undeniably the Mother of God. Christ was one person, not two. He was always God when He assumed His human nature. Therefore, Mary is absolutely the Mother of God.

DOGMAS . . . Isn't it possible that science may eventually disprove some of the beliefs taught by the Catholic Church?

No, there is no conflict between the Church and science. Rather, many of the discoveries of modern science have only confirmed the teaching of the Church.

Since Catholic doctrine is the revealed word of God, it is eternally true, and God obviously will never be contradicted by true scientific conclusions.

MYSTERIES . . . What mysteries must one accept in order to be a Catholic?

The principal mysteries of the faith are the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Holy Eucharist. God has added to mankind's knowledge of the supernatural by revealing these mysteries, although He knows we cannot comprehend them in their entirety. In effect, He says to us: "Blessed are they who cannot see, but believe."

SACRAMENTALS . . . What are sacramentals?

Sacramentals are specific prayers, objects, and devotional actions blessed by the Church. Their purpose is to help us obtain spiritual and worthy temporal benefits from God. They are one of the many examples of the constant concern of the Church, as Christ's representative on earth, for the welfare of His children.

Sacramentals include such familiar religious objects as the Rosary, holy water, the priest's vestments, crucifixes, medals, and the Sign of the Cross.

FIRST SATURDAY . . . I have read only a little about Our Lady of Fatima. I read that she said "I promise to help at the hour of death, with the graces needed for salvation, whoever on the First Saturday **of five consecutive months shall" (then follow her promises). My question is, if Our Lady of Fatima asks us to confess and attend Communion on the** First Saturday, **why do some churches have Extra Masses and Confessions for the First** Friday? **Also, is one supposed to confess and receive Communion the same day if he would like to gain the promised indulgences?**

Our Blessed Lord promised St. Margaret Mary that people who received Holy Communion in honor of His Sacred Heart on nine consecutive First Fridays would be granted the grace of final perseverance and would not die without their Sacraments.

That is Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

In addition, the Devotion of the five Saturdays in honor of Our Lady of Fatima has begun to grow throughout the Catholic Church. It is just another manifestion of the great love of God and the Blessed Mother for the world.

It is not necessary to confess and receive Communion on the same day. In fact, if you go to Confession twice a month, (i.e. every two weeks) you can gain all the Plenary Indulgences granted for Holy Communion. †

NOTICE

To All Our Lamp Readers

All Subscriptions,
All Renewals,
All Communications,
All Letters to the Editor,
All Questions,

should be addressed to:

THE LAMP
PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

NOTE: When moving, please send us your old address and new address so that you will be able to receive The Lamp without interruption. Be sure to add the ZONE NUMBER to your new address.

See back cover for details

Pope Pius XII has declared:

"Whoever takes any part in kindling or reviving the light of Faith in even one home, can be certain that the impulse of Divine Power which springs from that home will go on increasing forever.

"Whoever has helped toward the ordination of even one Missionary Priest will have an abundant share in all the Masses which that Priest offers and in the fruits which flow from his Apostolic labors and his holy life."

THESE THOUGHTS of the Holy Father are wonderfully consoling for those who might be wondering how to arrange for prayers for their immortal souls after their death. This causes anxiety to many persons, particularly elderly persons.

To leave a gift to Graymoor in your will for the education of worthy boys for the Priesthood is a certain way to have, as the Holy Father says, "an abundant share in all the Masses" these future priests will offer.

The drawing up of a will is a prudent thing to do. For as Our Blessed Lord said, "Watch, therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour."

While we do not know the day nor the hour, we do know that even the most popular and friendliest persons are soon forgotten. A famous New York priest frequently said during his lifetime: "If you are inclined to be proud of yourself, you should attend your month's mind Mass to discover how quickly you are forgotten."

This good Priest had offered many a month's mind Mass which contrasted most remarkably from the funeral Mass, as far as attendance was concerned. So be good to yourself and arrange to be remembered by those whom you will help to God's Altar by your charity. Self-love as distinguished from selfishness and inordinate self-love, is not only good but it is a matter of Divine Precept.

Pope Pius XII has also said: "There exists in fact a defense, an esteem, a love and a service of one's personal self which is not only justified but demanded by psychology and morality. Nature makes this plain, and it is also a lesson of the Christian Faith. Our Lord taught, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Christ then, proposes as the rule of love of neighbor, charity towards oneself, not the contrary."

All the above will be fulfilled if in arranging your will you insert:

"I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of $_____ for the education of worthy young men for the Priesthood.

If you desire further information, or if we can assist you in any way in making these arrangements, please write to us.

Suburban Reappraisal

Continued from page 18

between 30 and 50, white, middle class with children (average 3) under 18 and incomes of $10,000 a year and above.

It is, in many respects, a society aggressively and almost ferociously it seems at times, child-centered. Its result is a child somewhat over-protected, pampered, and perhaps just a little spoiled. For example, the typical suburban child is overly equipped for every activity he engages in—from a gear shift on his bike to the latest chin guard on his complete football uniform—and he has a uniform for every sport. Is this spoiling them? Perhaps. But to fathers who remember their own depression-lean youth this is an easy—and forgivable —vice.

Many of the old city ways are forgotten or lost here it is true. The drop-in visit to church was a city routine when churches were within easy walking distance. Today it is several miles by car. And, in our suburb, Sunday mass is still, after five years, held in a school hall where the fortunate sit on folding chairs but most stand. Church is church but still the soaring edifices of the city *seemed* more churchly.

Catholic schools are few, and far between, and terribly over-crowded. I recall as a young boy in the city we innocently referred to public schools as "Protestant schools" for at that time Catholic children, almost without exception, went to Catholic schools. Today in our community the majority of Catholic children do not. And the suburban Catholic schools will never catch up now. Thus our public school system averages 25 children per class—the lone Catholic school over 60. And there is no Catholic high school.

There are other drawbacks. The city seems far away. So too do its cultural advantages—its museums, art galleries, theater, opera, ballet and all the rest. So too is the sense the city gives of a society busy at work. For here in the suburbs the young growing child is almost totally unaware of just what work, industry and business is. He sees little or no evidence of it. It is simply something done in that faraway place to which his daddy goes daily.

And that introduces suburbia's greatest problem. Years back the eight hour day liberated the father from long hours away from his family. Today suburbia has reinstated them. Lucky the man is who doesn't now spend 12 hours away—in order to put

in 7 or 8 in the city. While suburbia's advantages center about the children—most of its disadvantages center about the father.

Thus, in order to maintain this suburban sanctuary, father must spend most of his day and a good chunk of his evening away from it. The commuting to the city is not only a wearying chore, and a considerable expense, but it is, in a way, a long vestibule separating his home life from his business life. He is too far away to help when the inevitable emergency arises—whether a broken arm or something even more serious. To "come home early" he may well have to start out right after lunch. He is "away"—out of reach.

So mother looms larger in the daily life of the children. This is not bad, of course, but neither is it necessarily good. For not only is Daddy gone for the day—almost all men are. The growing child is surrounded by women—all curiously alike—neither young nor old. Thus to the child this all must seem, if not strange, then monotonous.

But, like in the old cartoon strip, it is father who pays. He is caught up in a web of his own making. Having found what seems to be a near ideal place for his family he has created a lovely, easeful and happy world for his wife and children which almost insulates him from them. In fact, in many cases, his reentry into this world in the evening is dependent on the whims of his wife who now is master of the family car as well.

There is something very forlorn—and really very wrong—about that pathetic figure, the commuter, standing at the station as the evening shadows fall, peering this way and that for his wife in the family buggy. For the ruler of the roost, the king of his castle, he seems somehow so utterly *dependent*.

And, again in many cases (present case excepted as, I trust, it will always be) he arrived home so late that his wife has decided to feed the children early. Thus the man who left a gulped breakfast which, like as not, he prepared himself some twelve hours earlier, now eats alone once again.

It would be inaccurate to make out a case that he feels unwanted. He probably suffers from being watched too much. The constant cry from the PTA, the Civic Committee, The Little League, The Scouts, The Cubs, and all the rest is "We want fathers to come to our meetings." He feels wanted by his children and takes his

Continued on page 22

At St. Anthony's Feet

THE APOSTOLATE OF ST. ANTHONY. "Judged by the determined and successful campaign that he waged against the financial interests of his day on behalf of the poor and the workers, St. Anthony would have been a tower of strength in the present struggle for social justice. In the municipal library of Padua to this day is preserved an authentic copy of the first bankruptcy law of Padua. It is stated that this law was enacted at the request of Brother Anthony of the Friars Minor.

"Another of his apostolic and social activities was the reclaiming of fallen women and bandits. In fact there was scarcely an evil of his day that in some way he did not help to remedy. Faithful disciple of the sublime democrat of Assisi, who had combatted fuedalism, he brought to whole peoples torn by strife the olive branch of peace; he strove to relieve the sad lot of the poor, the imprisoned, the outcasts, and the abandoned of society." Fr. Marius McAuliffe, O.F.M.

S.A.G. ON LETTERS. These letters are familiar to many Catholics. They are placed on the back of letters to secure the protection of St. Anthony for safe delivery. They mean "May St. Anthony Guide." At times specially printed stamps are used as seals bearing the picture of our saint and the letters S.A.G.

ST. ANTHONY AND A ROBBER. In the year 1292 an old man told the following story to one of the friars. He had been one of a band of robbers who lived in the woods and robbed the travellers. Having heard the saint's preaching, the group, twelve in number, agreed to go disguised to listen to him.

We may refer to the words of the old biographer, Jean Biguald: "We did not believe that his words would be efficacious, or that, like the flaming torch of a new Elias, he would illuminate everything. We came, as I say, to hear him preach; we had no need to listen long to his impassioned discourse before feeling great remorse for our crimes. After the sermon, we went to confess to him. The Holy Father heard us in turn, gave each a wholesome penance and forbade us ever to return to our past crimes; he promised that those who abstained from them the joys of eternal life and predicted that those who fell back into their crimes an end of great torment. Some went back to their criminal life and ended their days as the saint had prophesied; those who abstained from it died at peace with their Saviour."

NEW BOOK ON ST. ANTHONY. The Franciscan Herald Press has recently published a new book on our patron entitled, *St. Anthony, the Man Who Found Himself*. It is the combined work of Norman Painting, well known in circles of the B.B.C., and of Fr. Michael Day of the Birmingham Oratory whose outstanding translations of *Story of a Soul* by St. Therese of Lisieux and *Introduction to the Devout Life* by St. Francis de Sales are known throughout the Catholic world.

The volume is not a biography in the strict sense, but a story of the life of St. Anthony, with some of the liberties accorded story-tellers. The characters are historically true but some details are inserted to complete the picture. It may be ordered from the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago 9, Ill.

PRAYERS TO ST. ANTHONY (from Roman Missal). "May the votive solemnity of Blessed Anthony, thy confessor and Doctor, O God give joy to Thy Church that it may always be defended with spiritual aid and be worthy of everlasting joys.

"We, who have been filled with these divine gifts, beseech Thee, O Lord, that through the merits and intercession of Blessed Anthony, Thy confessor and doctor, we may experience the effect of this salutary sacrifice." †

See back cover for details

Suburban Reappraisal

Continued from page 21

delight in those golden hours he is able to spend with them on the weekend (although not all of the weekend by any means) but he does feel, now and then, that while wanted, he may not be needed, that his major contribution to this ideal world is the check book and the monthly defeat of an alarming stack of bills—all too high—all too many.

The suburban father is under a tremendous strain. Some of it is induced, of course by the fatigue of that twice daily journey to and from the city. Then there are the demands of the house itself—in these high labor cost days the painting, patching, repairing which he is often ill equipped to do satisfactorily. And then there is that "We want fathers" refrain giving him a guilt complex because he wants to be there too but where is the time? I have often found myself cursing the commuter train for one of its ill timed breakdowns while my watch ticked off the minutes that meant the curtain was going up on the school play and, once again, my wife was representing mother and father in the audience.

How many times at our cub scout meeting—or Little League or any of the rest—have I looked around to find that more than 75% of the boys were represented by their mothers even though the rules said fathers. Many a lad hits his first home run with Mom, and only Mom, watching. How little Dad must figure in their memories of the great moments—that dim, shadowy figure who provides money.

Now, perhaps the father-child relationship in an apartment also has its deficiencies. But at least the city father has more time, if he wants to give it. The suburban father desperately wants to give it but has little or none. Thus the suburban father, who has made great sacrifices to give his kids that suburban home, in many cases has also sacrificed himself. He may know this. But chances are he would not change it. Like the commuting, he accepts it as part of the price.

Five years of suburban living has taught me that the price is a high one. But not too high. Not high enough to wish to trade for the city. Still it often occurs to me, and to many other suburban fathers I am sure, that it is a pity there is no easier way—no middle way. But, of course, there isn't. In fact many a suburban family, noting the build up and citification of what were once purely suburban communities, has pulled up stakes and moved still further out from the city giving Dad even longer commuting, even higher bills, even less time.

There are many good things. No city boy ever quite overcomes his awe of even a tiny plot of grass he planted himself; the most modest flowers; the smallest bush. No depression-raised man ever looks at the house and lot he owns—or almost owns—without a tremendous surging of pride and peace. And even in his bumblingly inept carpentry and other newly learned crafts he feels—perhaps the only time he is able to—that this is truly his and that he, like his primitive ancestor, is the provider, the home maker, the protector, for the entire family.

So the wave that washed us several million veterans into suburbia seems to have subsided. No new, clear pattern seems to be emerging. The veterans now have a dab of grey here and there on top—we all have put on more weight causing us to look a bit more self-satisfied than we really are; there are now children, mortgages, dentist bills and all the rest. The wonderful excitement of this move to suburbia—the excitement of feeling part of some great new adventure—has been tempered by the sober business of living.

We are not a group anymore. Just individuals now whose only link is that once, a long time ago, we were all in uniform and once, also a long time ago, we all seemed to face the same problem on housing and we all seemed to come to the same conclusion. But whatever we do now no longer could be part of any pattern. We are no longer knit. We are all strangers again puzzling over the same problems, really, but as strangers. That seems too bad. But there it is.

So as I write this the house has grown quiet with the children asleep upstairs; the TV and the hi-fi and all the rest quiet for a bit; and attempting to evaluate it. It adds up to something good, something very good, but not perfect, certainly not perfect. I am reminded of one of our recent Sunday drives that took us through the city—not the best part of it either—and the 7 year old saying in unconcealed wonder "Can you imagine anyone *living* here?"

I did not even try to answer him. †

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Continued from page 15

Don't misunderstand. I'm glad that you asked me to become a Catholic, but my mind was made up long before your invitation."

"I ask people because of Grandfather—he always said if anyone showed the least bit of interest they should be encouraged. He drummed that into us when we were children, you know how those things stay with you. He said he was sixty-five years old before he turned Catholic just because nobody ever thought of asking him."

"And Donna showed a spark of interest, so you pounced on her. I think you'd better do what Brad said and stop meddling in their lives. I'd drop the whole thing if I were you or you're going to lose your nice neighbors."

"Honestly, George, I didn't start this," Katherine said with something like a pout. "The first time Donna came into this house she was fascinated by the little grotto of Lourdes in the children's room. She wanted to know all about it. I gave her my 'Song of Bernadette' to read and after that Thomas Merton's 'Seven Storey Mountain.' I didn't have to ask her, she came over one Sunday and said she was going to Mass with me."

"Well, Honey, don't worry about it too much," George said flicking on the TV and falling back contentedly in his chair. "I think the decision is up to Donna now."

It was hours before Katherine slept and when she did Brad's face angry and distorted haunted her dreams.

She was still troubled the next morning as she carried her basket of wet laundry into the yard. She glanced at her neighbor's basement door and waited expectantly for the explosive opening that always announced Donna. Pretty Donna, so like a little girl with her big brown eyes sparkling with the love of life. She made even such tawdry tasks as hanging up wash seem like a rollicking ritual.

Everything was more fun since the day two years before when Donna had moved next door. She remembered the first time Donna had spoken

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THE LOST 7,000—A local priest-friend compiled some very interesting statistics recently, concerning the "fall-out" in education—which he believes is a lot more serious than the fall-out from atom ash. In our own city, which has a more ambitious educational goal than the national average, he found that out of 10,000 youths entering High School four years ago, only 3,000 graduated last June.

What happened to the lost 7,000?

For one reason and another, they quit. They left the halls of higher learning to take jobs as garage mechanics (and, for some, the "mechanical" part consists of filling tanks with gasoline) waitresses, typists, carpenters, oil-field workers, et al. A few couldn't wait to get married. Pretty fair pay-checks, a handy feeling of freedom, dates with the girls (and boys) and, above all, *escape from the monotony of study*, had far greater appeal than the dubious, distant rewards that could come with complete education.

My researcher-friend found that, on the whole, youths with more than average ability were the ones who are leaving school. The pluggers, the slow ones, the ones with less than average IQ, are the ones who are going on to University.

After one year away from High School—certainly after two—you seldom reclaim these kids. Talent atrophies; vocations to the religious life are nipped in the bud. Once you "enter the world," it is virtually impossible to go back. It is tragedy of the greatest magnitude.

I am not so old that I cannot remember when High School was a place of seeming confinement to me, too. Fortunately, I had an Irish father who drummed into me a lifelong soap-opera of what lack of formal education cost *him*. The Great Depression was at its deepest and dirtiest, and our teacher kept telling us to stay in school, take our time—we wouldn't get jobs when we left, anyway! (My friends started working for $5 a month and "keep.")

How do you convince youth today? I know one girl who finished Grade X, took a three-months course in typing and filing, then went to work on a newspaper (not as a reporter, either!). How to convince her that, by staying in school two more years, she could have become a secretary to an editor, instead of a little girl buried in the newspaper "morgue"—drawing about $30 a week?

I know a boy of exceptional talent who worked in a garage during the summer holidays. Soon, motorists were insisting he adjust their carburetor, tune their misfiring motors. At 16! The garage, naturally, wants him; and, this fall, they've got him—at $50 a week. Big money! Great money for a kid of 16. How to make him see that if he'd kept on, he could have become an engineer with General Motors, or in the mushrooming aircraft industry, at a probable salary of $15,000 a year?

Not only are these kids short-changing society by their limited outlook, they're crucifying their own futures.

There is nothing wrong or ignoble about ditch-digging (provided the man digs a better ditch!) but it is tragic when the cream of our youth are willing to settle for the mediocre—merely because it is in the immediate offing.

Undoubtedly the onus lies with the parents—and some of us are more guilty than we realize. If we start complaining, when the kids are ten or twelve, about how much it's costing to educate them, keep them dressed properly for school, etc., we have only ourselves to blame when they want to leave early. If we talk only in terms of monetary success—in terms of their limited vision—how can we blame our sons when that seeming success is offered to them early? (Offer your ten-year-old son a dime today, or a dollar three weeks from now—and he'll grab the dime.) If we rush through life, tearing off the pages of our days in frantic waste, how can we teach them the patience to stay with worthwhile things—to stay at school five or six years longer than their fellows? Finally, if we give them no "higher goal"—if they do not acquire the truth that each of us is here for a very definite purpose in God's plan; that we must co-operate by developing our talents to the saturation point, so that we may be adequately equipped to leave a deep mark wherever we walk and work in this world—can we justly blame them for deciding to settle for a very small niche in the sun?

The evidence indicates that we parents have become very neglectful of the importance and opportunities of education. The job of education is to develop the whole man: to give him a basis of knowledge; to accentuate and unveil ever deeper truths in the field for which he is best suited; and, in the process, to train his intellect and will so that the total effects of all his endeavors and achievements are directed to moral and spiritual good.

How far, I wonder, do so many of us fall short?

Even the secularists are learning. Thus, I was gratified the other day to hear what the president of Canada's *Ottawa Journal* had to say on the subject. He spoke as a very successful businessman, and so I think his words should carry some weight with success-minded youth.

"Education is not something to give a man a higher standard of living," said Mr. Grattan O'Leary, in his address to St. Patrick's College. "It is something to give him a standard of life.

"One of the tragedies of our day is that it has so much specialization and such little wisdom; so much knowledge and so little know-why; all signposts and no destination.

"We seem in danger of forgetting the truth that there is no sense in pasting wings on man unless you can give him a winged nature—and no sense in trying to make men free in order to make them good, when the real task is to make them good in order to fit them to be free."

So said the president of the *Ottawa Journal*.

His words are well worth deep perusual by every parent. This term, as ever before, the "fall-out" from our high schools will be appalling. I don't know how many parents with high-

Continued on page 24

See back cover for details

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Mostly for Men

Continued from page 23

school-age students will read this; but I will stake all my experience and observation on this one fact: that for every one who can coerce, cajole, or otherwise persuade his children to "stay another year"—and another year after that, till every faculty God gave them is sharpened, developed, ready for application—the rewards, in ten years, in economic terms alone, will make him breathe a fervent:

"Thank God I did!"

WHAT I HAVE AGAINST ATHEISTS—Perhaps this is a complementary theme to the above, but the one thing I hold hardest against atheists and agnostics—the one thing the bulk of us seems so defenseless against—is their "tolerance" of religion. It's as if they are constantly saying: "I've got practical achievements to make in my life; you go ahead and believe in fairies." Or: "While *you* pray and hope for the world to become better, we work ourselves to death *making* it better." (Judging by newspaper headlines, they're really doing a job!)

I have finally—I think!—come up with the perfect argument to their silly attitude. As I told one of them the other day:

"Why are you so content to settle for so little? You accuse me of not living in this world, of letting life pass me by—and all you expect is a little pittance of time! You judge immortality by the fact that a few men like yourself speak glowingly of you when you die; I'm not content with that—I want all of eternity to find what I have done worthwhile! You are afraid to hope that you are more than a handful of dust—and you pity me for having faith man is more. You talk to *me* about religion narrowing one's mind and vision!"

And isn't it true? They want so little from *life*. At the most, 70 years or so of health (no illness—as if that isn't living, too!) A book on the library shelf or a statue in a park (for one in perhaps a billion). A few dishes of caviar, a couple of weeks' holiday per year, a tribute of sorts in the newspaper (next to the Want Ads) when they die.

We have deluded ourselves too long with the fallacy of "big" minds refusing to grasp religion. Surely minds must be very small to believe there can be nothing more to the wondrously-created human than that?

They are the people who think *we* pass up what could be a full and abundant life for what they call "the faint possibility of heaven!" †

Invitation Accepted

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to her. Katherine was pinning snowy white baby clothes to the line. "Hi," Donna had called over gayly. "I see you have a baby at your house." Later when she had told Katherine her name, Katherine said: "That's short for Madonna. You'll have to live up to that name some day."

"There's nothing I want more than a baby," Donna had confided.

It was just a week ago, Katherine recalled, when she first found out about Brad's *other wife*. She and Donna had tiptoed out of the house while the children were napping. In the Sanders' front yard they took turns digging holes for the new rose bushes. A pale green car had paused momentarily at the intersection and looking up she noticed that Donna's laughing face had suddenly become serious.

"What's the matter?" Katherine laughed. "You act like you've seen a ghost."

"Well, she is sort of a ghost. Brad used to be married to her." Donna stood watching the car as it rolled out of sight.

Katherine realized now how incredulous she must have looked standing like a statue of an open-mouthed peasant with one foot poised against the spade.

"Brad and I had an agreement not to ever talk about her," Donna went on. "She must have just recently moved into this neighborhood. She waved at Brad the other day when she passed and he told me who she was. Ruth's married now and has several children. It was just one of those kid things. They were both so young. The marriage broke up in a few months. Brad always says she's a nice person but that she wasn't for him."

Katherine, still completely flabbergasted, remained in her ridiculous pose as Donna said: "Why are you so surprised? Lots of people have divorces. I wasn't supposed to mention it, but it sort of slipped out when I saw Ruth."

"I'm floored. I'm absolutely floored," Katherine said, proving her statement by sitting down on the porch step. That's when she had blurted out without a thought of discretion. "Donna, don't you know you can't become a Catholic as long as Brad has another wife."

Donna had been indignant. "Who said I can't?"

Katherine hesitated a moment and then found herself stammering out: "You see, Donna, actually in the

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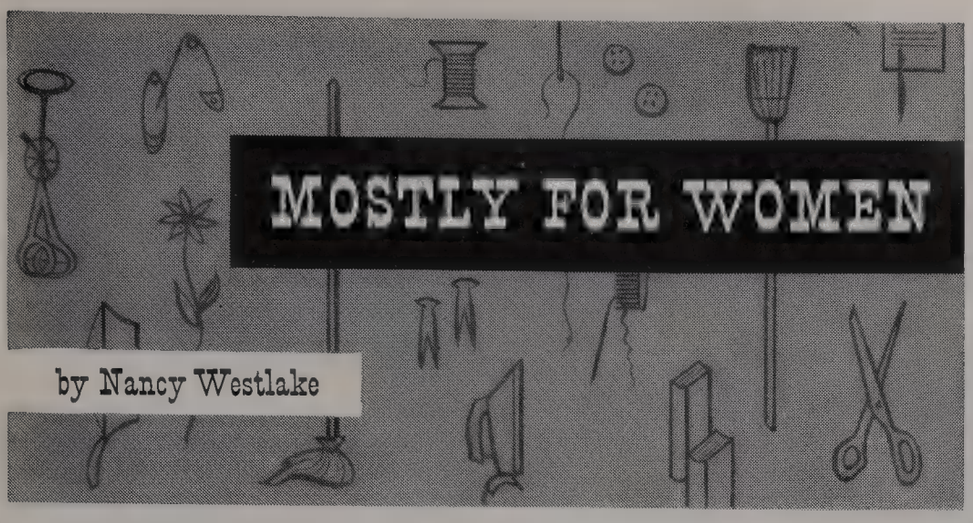

LEST WE FORGET . . .

. . . OCTOBER COMES AROUND once again to remind us that it's never too late to start the habit of saying the Rosary daily . . . and that it's never too early to start thinking about the reasons this devotion is so important, especially today. It isn't, after all, just a pious practice instituted for the purpose of saying the greatest amount of Hail Marys in the shortest possible time. No, the Rosary is our ultimate weapon, if you wish, in a warfare no amount of diplomatic conferences can settle unaided. And it's also a symbol of that hope we ought to cherish of a world freed from ideological strife, united under the kingship of Christ and the queenship of Mary.

Perhaps we who are fortunate enough to be able to think of the world's future in this light sometimes forget how bleak the Atomic Age appears to others. Nothing is quite so lonely as self-sufficiency carried to the point where man depends solely on his own powers for his own continued existence, or seems to. And yet this isolate and impotent position has been assumed, through dark necessity, by many today who cannot believe in any Providence beyond the rather cruel providence man makes for himself. It is no wonder, then, that this is a generation of profoundly disturbed and frightened people. Facts have replaced supernatural hope, and the facts are enough to frighten anyone.

Last June we attended the graduation exercises at a large State campus in the area. The commencement address was delivered by one of the University of California's most distinguished research scientists; a man well-known to the national press-pages for his contributions in the field of nuclear physics. The scientist spoke at length to the graduating seniors of the grave responsibilities which face today's generation, and he particularly stressed the duty which he feels evolves upon every American to be especially sympathetic, informed, and helpful about the problems of national defense. He emphasized his belief that Americans ought to support to the fullest extent scientific projects aimed at strengthening our position as a world power. Enumerating the handicaps under which today's scientists operate . . . moral handicaps, so to speak, entailing agonizing decisions on ballistics tests; possible fallout; power of weapons, and the like . . . he went on to impress the audience with the relative lack of trained, conscientious workers in the nuclear fields. He quoted statistics which seemed to show that American scientists-in-the-making . . . that is, American high school students . . . are far behind most of their European brothers in almost every form of elementary science. He told his listeners that the direct results must follow any lagging of American research, and that to keep abreast of the European developments in scientific training, American educational institutions must be prepared to sacrifice most of their traditional curriculum in the humanities and to substitute suitable physics, chemistry and mathematics courses. Students must, he urged, be encouraged to follow research careers, and to participate in all types of scientific endeavor. Ending his appeal . . . for so it was . . . with a quotation from the American statesman and scientist, Benjamin Franklin, on independence and enterprise, the speaker stated that only through accelerated scientific effort can the free nations of the world hope to maintain their existence "in the coming ideological struggle." He sat down amid rather scattered and dispirited applause.

For a number of reasons, some personal and therefore not particularly valid, I suppose, I consider that speech the most depressing one I've ever heard given on the occasion of a college commencement. While we may groan and fidget as traditional commencement speakers pull out the same old clichés and inspirational chestnuts about today's youth, the hopes of parents, the bright future of democracy, etc., etc., we at least are left with a vague feeling of assurance that in spite of the timeworn phraseology, the truths and expectations expressed have been encouraging ones for our children and our nation. The State commencement speaker left his hearers with no such naïve sentiments. He stated scientific and statistical truths . . . then closed with a suggestion so illogical that no one felt very much like accepting it . . . to judge by the applause: no matter what one's religious or ethical tenets, it is manifestly obvious that ideological conflicts cannot be solved any way but bloodily by the agency of nuclear weapons; nor can the check-and-countercheck system of power balance between nations who hold each other at bay by threat of open warfare be confused with "peace". At least, such an uneasy state of world affairs is not the peace we envision as the ideal inheritance of the class of '58. But it is all that this man, and many for whom he spoke, can, sadly, offer. God's name was not mentioned during his catalogue of appalling facts of modern existence. And there must have been some others in the audience for whom this lack rendered the address impotent of meaning, to judge by the lack of audience-response. Perhaps they were just too disheartened to applaud.

At any rate, is is not for us who realize that prayer is more powerful than nuclear physics, more conducive to hope than any promise of scientific eminence, to simply feel superior to or sorry for those who do not, and who are left thus with only themselves to trust. We must instead make certain that we are utilizing to the fullest the means we have been given for assuring the future of our children in an era of peace, not international threat and destruction. Surely Mary is very close to earth on commencement days, worrying and hoping. We must join her . . . all of us . . . in her unending prayers for tomorrow's generation. What better occasion for beginning our vigil than the month of the Rosary? Prayer means vigilance . . . and vigilance, as Americans have always believed, is the price of liberty.

BOOKWORMS? ATTENTION!

DOUBLEDAY-*Image* paperbacks are at it again, bless their hearts. The newest (at this writing) and best addition

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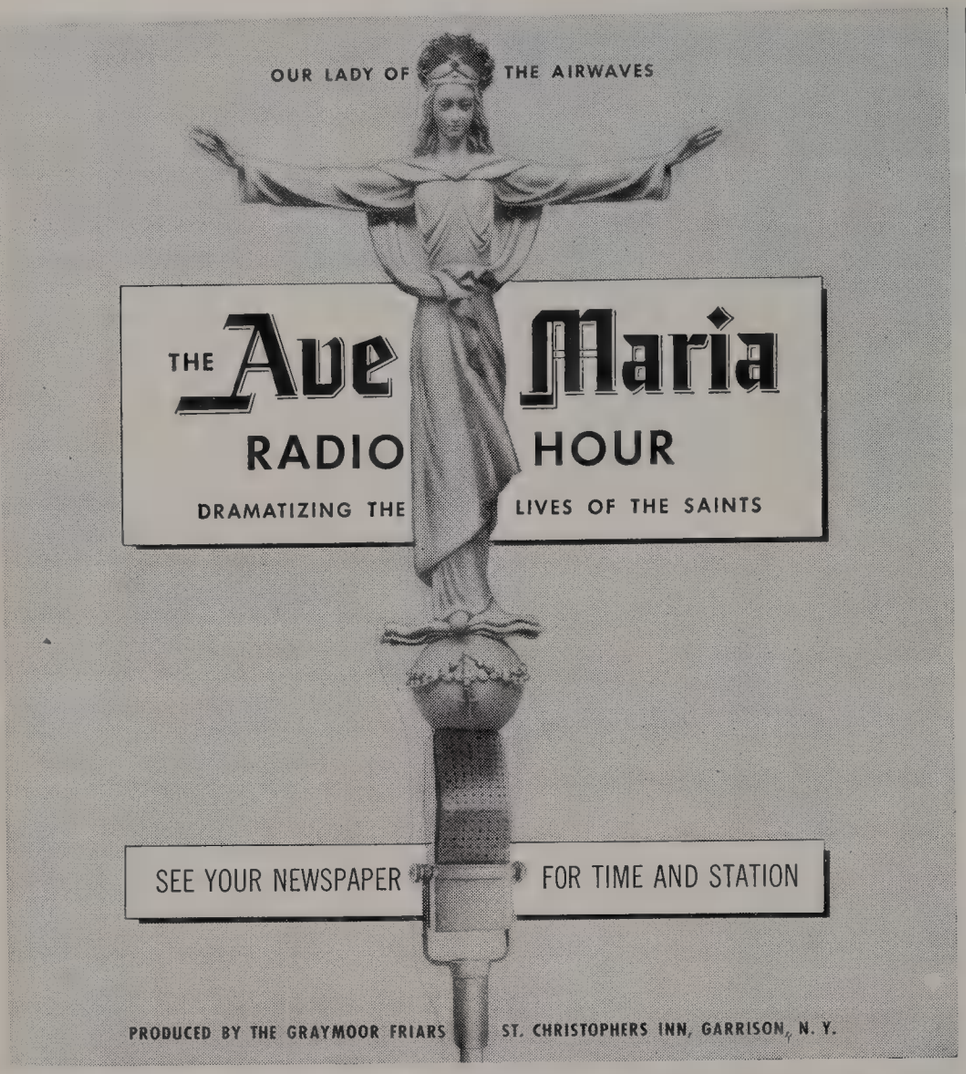
See back cover for details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Mostly for Women

Continued from page 25

to their remarkably varied selection of books with Catholic reader-interest is the warmly humorous, subtly challenging volume of short stories by J. F. Powers, *Prince of Darkness.* Powers here presents eleven pictures of modern-day American Catholics, mostly those leading the lives of priests, brothers, or nuns. With probing wit and a deep understanding of the human being who lives beneath the religious habit, the author carries his characters through situations that are not without their element of tragedy . . . the tragedy being seen as one common to all men: the absurdity of human nature in conflict with the dignity of sons of God. Often wry, often too close to the truth for the comfort of all readers (clerical housekeepers and church ushers, *please* come to the reading with your very best humor on) all the time, Powers is never cynical, never sarcastic, never malicious, and . . . what is most rare in delineators of the religious life . . . never sentimental. There is not one of us, lay or religious, whom Powers does not rake, gently, over the coals of his prose, but it's a gloriously funny process nonetheless. Some of these stories appeared in the *New Yorker;* previously the collection was available in hardcover editions. The *Image* printing is available at all good pocket-booksellers' for 85¢ . . . and worth much more, believe me.

ANYBODY HERE LIKE FRUITCAKE?

Don't all shout at once . . . I *know* it's too early to be giving you a Christmas-type fruitcake, and I'm not. This is a lunch-box and off-to-Aunt-Susie-in-Peru type fruitcake, hard as a rock, full of goodies, and guaranteed not to break, crumble, chip or become pulverized enroute. In fact, I doubt very much whether you even need to wrap it. Just put on a few stamps, and it's ready to go. It's the family recipe of a University of San Francisco friend of mine, Jack Donavan, who doesn't sound Italian but is, and it's called *Panforte alla Siennese,* which sounds Italian and is, and means Strong Bread . . . and *that's* the understatement of the year. For those who don't mind chewing:

Heat in a saucepan until at the soft-ball stage:

½ C. honey
⅓ C. sugar

Combine and mix with hot honey-and-sugar:

1 lb. package glacéed fruit
2 C. mixed, broken nutmeats (Jack prefers straight walnuts, but they're *so* expensive)
⅓ C. powdered cocoa
¼ C. all-purpose flour (not cake flour)
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla

and

⅛ teaspoon black pepper (Don't ask me why . . . find someone from Siena and ask them.)

Now grease, *then* line with waxed paper or (better) aluminum foil, a 9" cake pan. Bake the *Panforte* 30 minutes at 350 F. and rub a bit of powdered sugar over the top when it cools. I absolutely disclaim any responsibility for your back molars, but I will vouch for the *Panfort's* flavor. Buon gusto! †

Invitation Accepted

Continued from page 24

Church's eyes Brad is still married to Ruth, even though he has a divorce."

She had gone on explaining and answering Donna's persistent questions until they reached the point where Donna fighting back tears had said: "In other words, if I'm to become a Catholic I must leave Brad?"

"I'm afraid that's the way it is," she had said carefully. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go to see Father Ryan anyway and see what he has to say about it."

"I don't know if I want to now," Donna said stubbornly.

Now as Katherine trudged back to her washer she glanced again at the closed basement door. This was the kind of a sunny, breezy morning that always brought Donna out early with her fancy little plastic basket loaded with dainty tea towels and candy-striped sheets. Katherine felt an overwhelming sadness as she realized Brad must have forbidden Donna to see her. Poor little Donna, how disappointed she must be. She had been so eager to accept a religion that promised so much. Katherine, provoked with herself, felt like an Indian giver dangling a pearl necklace before Donna's outstretched hands and then snatching it back again. But then, she consoled herself, who can tell, maybe the tiny seeds of faith within Donna are beginning to flourish. Were they strong enough, she asked herself, to withstand being suffocated by Brad's warped misunderstanding. Even though Donna from all outward appearances seemed immature, Katherine knew from her two years' association with her that she possessed a deep insight into many things. She must be struggling with herself or she

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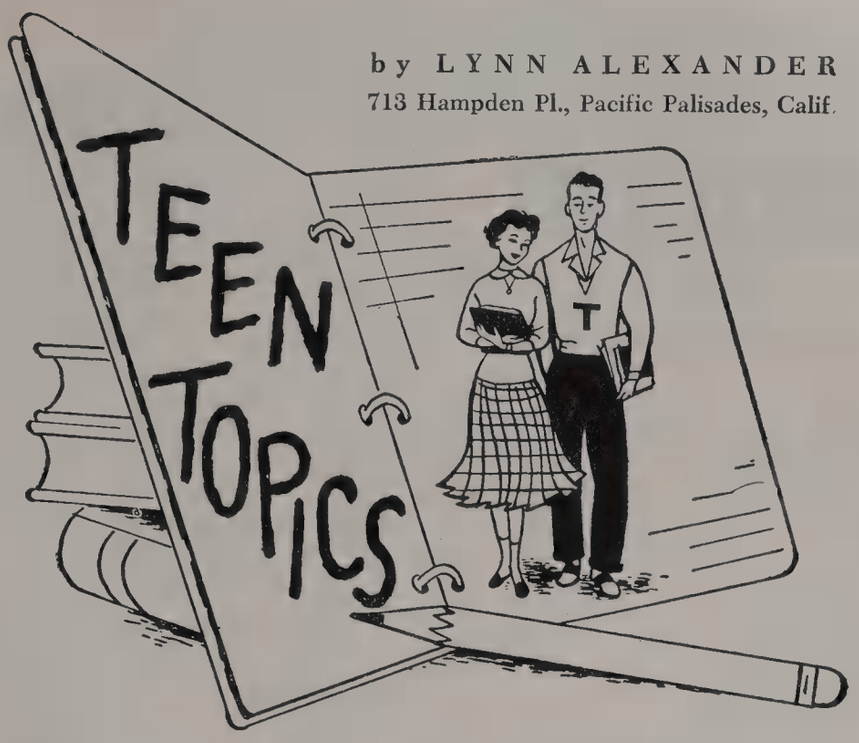

by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

I am a seventeen-year-old girl. Some of the girls and I are trying to get a certain nice girl out dating with boys.

She is a very attractive sixteen-year-old girl. She is tiny and looks about twelve but she is very cute and has us all beat. She is one of the nicest girls. She is not a show-off or a flirt.

Our problem is that some of the boys are asking us to ask her to go out with them. Whenever the boys ask her to a dance or dinner, she refuses. She says she has lots of time for dating and can wait. What do you think, Miss Lynn? Do you think she's right or is she being unfair to the boys? Maybe it's because she is bashful. Every time a boy flirts with her, her face turns red.

Please, Miss Lynn, answer soon. She always reads your Teen Topics. Thank you very much and God bless you.

With love,
Rosie

Without your full name and address, Rosie, this is the earliest your letter could be answered. *Puleeze*, guys and gals, don't *do* me that way! My worry schedule is already filled!

While limited dating generally commences at thirteen or fourteen (depending upon the customs of the community), no teen should feel forced to date against his will. It's obvious in this case, Rosie, that the girl doesn't want to date. So why should she? There are many group, social and charitable activities in which she can participate. And from your letter it is apparent that her unwillingness to date has done nothing to dim her popularity. So many teens mistakenly believe that they can't be popular unless they date. Your letter is evidence to the contrary. While dating is an important contribution to the social growth of any teen, it is not the *only* means of attaining this maturity.

Owenita Sanderlin, a top national Catholic columnist recently was discussing the fact that much of her mail is from parents who are pushing their teen-agers into dating for fear that they won't otherwise be popular with the crowd. Such commando tactics do more harm than good. If a teen has neither the desire nor confidence necessary for dating, he or she is only miserable when pressured into it. Generally, these early dating experiences only serve to prolong the time when that teen is really ready to associate confidently with the opposite sex.

COMMENTS CONCERNING THE CHANGE in laws about the Eucharistic Fast are still coming in thick and fast. You remember Prissy Schexnayder wrote that she didn't feel right about not fasting from midnight and that she was going to continue to fast before Holy Communion. Of the recent replies to Prissy, here is one conducive to thought:

Dear Lynn,

You might like to hear what I have to say about the Eucharistic Fast, as I am much in favor of it.

How much happier I would have been when I made my first Holy Communion if I had not fainted before the Mass ended and spoiled the morning for the others. How many times when I wanted to receive did my older brothers have to take me just long enough to receive and go home again! Or I had to attend Mass and not receive. And how many times I was carried out of Church, I could never tell you! It was not because I was seriously ill. I was just one of those frail individuals who found it very hard to fast.

In my teens it was easier but later in life it became hard again as I was very run down. Living at a distance from Church, it was very hard to receive, and I have always loved to receive.

Now I find that I can receive quite often and it helps me no end in caring for my mentally retarded child and my two normal girls. Tell Prissy it is still hard for us mothers who need nourishment more often than some do to do what God wants of us.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. Purcell

Many, many thanks to this fine mother for her thoughtful comments!

THE MAIL IS SKY HIGH, teens, so let's scramble through some of the letters. From De Nobili College, Poona 6, India, Father E. Azcoitia writes to tell us that he is presently working on a project to print something about our religion in Gujerati, the Indian language of the Mission. He especially wants to interest our non-Catholic friends. But as with all worthwhile missionary projects, this one could use a bit of teen help. Pictorial or commemorative stamps of the United States or any other country are badly needed to help finance this courageous effort. In addition, Father would like to have Pen Pals for himself and for his friend, Father M. A. Urrutia of the same address.

Generally we don't publish requests for Pen Pals unless they are extra-special. But just such a request comes from Jeffrey Sass (age 11), 1117 Norton Ave., Chicago, Ill. He and a baker's dozen fellows would like to have Seminary Pen Pals. How about that, all you seminarians plugging away out there? Got room for a buddy? For all others who want to make new friends, a new Pen Pal list is assembled each month. To obtain a list, drop me a line with your name, address, age, and 25¢ to cover handling costs.

From Richard Fogarty, Jr. of 5149 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia 20, Pa. is a request to his fellow Teen Topicers for medals, rosaries (even broken ones), statues, Catholic magazines, Crucifixes, holycards, and just about anything else in the way of religious items to send to a missionary in India. Also earnestly hoping that you may have some broken rosaries, beads, or other rosary parts is 19-year-old Barbara Ann Kosmoski, 2924 N. Gresham Ave., Chicago 18, Ill. Her hobby is repairing and making rosaries to send to the missionaries overseas.

FROM MALASIQUI, PANGASINAN, PHILIPPINES, Sister Mary Anthony writes

Continued on page 28

See back cover for details

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Franciscan Friars of the Atonement
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

GRAYMOOR

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Teen Topics

Continued from page 27

to tell us "We are getting a record player! I think you know the donor—Mr. Jack Loring. It is being bought for us in Hong Kong. We are just thrilled about it! Please God, in time we will be able to get some nice records. The record player will be a great addition to our work, as I understand the Sacraments and Commandments are now on record." The next two pages are an enthusiastic description of the record player and of Jack Loring's kindness. You can almost hear Sister's perky Irish brogue! Incidentally, Sister Mary Anthony, whom I've met personally, is as tiny as a minute but has the bounce of a ping pong ball!

But you, Jack! We've heard from you twice and not a word about that cherished record player!

Also from our Philippine family are two requests for your used Catholic magazines. They are needed by Ambrosio C. De Guzman, Nueva Seguvia, Major Seminary, Vigan, Ilocos Sur and Romeo G. Mendiola, Major Seminary, Vigan, Ilocos Sur, Philippines. In Ceylon a railway worker who distributes used Catholic literature all along his route could use more teen tunesters to join him in "I've been working on the railroad." His address: Victor Melder, 48 Railway Bungalow, Nawalapitiya, Ceylon. Finally, from Kerala State Joseph Nayappillil seeks help through used Catholic literature to send the Commies there scampering back to Siberia. As secretary of St. Mary's Society, he would like to contact Sodality Unions, Friend's Clubs, and other Catholic organizations. Joe can be reached at: St. Mary's Society, Muvattupuzha P.O. Kerala State, India.

Whew! After that last address, I'm beat. Bye—and God's best! †

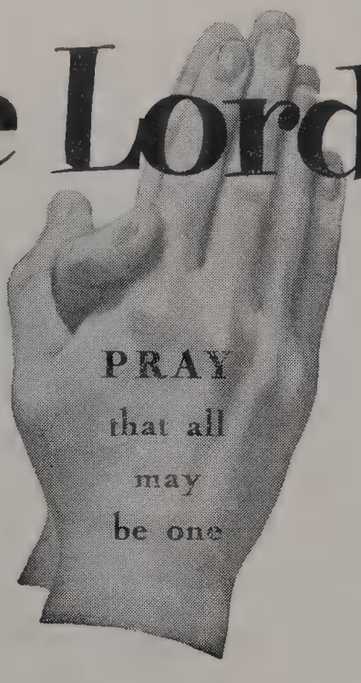
A Different Point of View

Continued from page 8

at the Last Supper. And certainly through the Mass, the Lord's name is "great among the Gentiles."

Every so often, when you go to church, look at the Mass from the apologist's point of view. It will strengthen your faith. And the stronger our faith becomes, the more love and devotion can go into our prayers. After the Last Gospel, when the little altar boy says "Deo Gratias", your heart will also respond with a tremendous "Thanks, God." †

One Faith-One Lord



Preaching to Non-Catholics. Padre Luca Baglioni, a Franciscan friar of the sixteenth century, has left this advice in dealing with non-Catholics. It is very sensible for Catholics in the twentieth century. "I laid aside for good and for all any idea of disputing in public against heretics," he said, "in particular against those of their leaders who are still alive. I avoided mentioning either their names or their writings, in such a way as to convey almost the impression that I knew nothing about them and had never even heard of them. I pretended not to notice even the presence of heretics when they came to listen to my sermons. I dwelt at length only on those parts of their beliefs which are true and held by Catholics too. I confuted their opinions and pointed out their mistakes, without ever mentioning any of their leaders by name; I endeavored when arguing with them always to be charitable and humble, showing them how truly sorry for them I was and how anxious and ready I was to help them even at the cost of laying down my life, if need be, for them. By these and similar means, little by little, I found them coming one after another to ask my counsel and advice . . . Even men of great weight among them, God has granted me in this way to guide towards the path of truth."

* * *

"Catholic Christendom is no simple exhibition of religious absolutism, but presents a continuous picture of authority and private judgment alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide; it is a vast assemblage of human beings with wilful intellects and wild passions, brought together into one by the beauty and majesty of a superhuman Power—into what may be called a large training-school, not as if into a hospital or into a prison, not in order to be sent to bed, not to be buried alive, but (if I may change my metaphor) brought together as if into some moral factory, for the melting, refining, and molding by an incessant, noisy process of the raw material of human nature so excellent, so dangerous so capable of divine purpose." (Cardinal Newman)

Papal Attitude Toward Reunion Efforts. Although Pope Benedict XV did not take part in the conference of Upsula (Sept. 18, 1918) nevertheless he told the delegates that he welcomed all measures which lead to Christian charity in national life and tend to promote peace and tranquillity. The Pope promised to the conference the prayers that they had asked for (May 16, 1919). Pope Pius XI assured the Swedish delegates at their conference in 1925 that he was following their efforts toward reunion with his prayers.

Our Lady and the Reformation. In 1520 the General of the Franciscan Order, Francis Lecheto, ordered every friary to prepare trained preachers to combat Lutheranism. The chapter held at Capri (1521) ordained that special prayers be recited with a view to stiffening the resistance. Prayers were ordered especially to the Mother of God, the destroyer of all heresies attacking her Son and His teaching. At the end of each hour of the Office was added the verse: "Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, because thou alone has destroyed heresies throughout the world." Then followed the versicle: "Deign that I may be worthy to praise thee, O holy Virgin; give me strength against thine enemies." Then followed the prayers *Gratiam tuam* and *Ecclesiam tuam*. Resistance was enjoined even to the facing of martyrdom—"That they may resist by the sword of the divine word even to blood." Needless to say, there was much blood shed, for the good of the Church and of souls.

Charitable but Uncompromising. "As much as the Catholic Church rejoices over all efforts toward reunion she must with equal earnestness take care lest the truth of Christ be sacrificed or impaired for the sake of a sham peace. The Catholic Church is conscious that she is a visible community in which all the separated Christian Church must seek union as in the one true Church of Christ. The true Church has been in existence in unbroken continuity since the days of Christ. She is the one, true, visible Church, for which the other Christian churches have in the course of the centuries more or less separated themselves. The Catholic Church would be false to herself and also to the Spirit of God who dwells in His Church, she would contradict herself, if she should ever strive after any other form of reunion than the return to their common Father's house on the part of the children who have wandered off to strange places." (K. Algermissen, *Christian Denominations*, 1000-1.)

The Conversion of England. The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom in England prays particularly for the conversion of those outside the faith in England. Its 34,000 members are active in a program of prayer and works for the conversion of their countrymen. Archbishop Grimshaw of Birmingham said that the books of the past about heroic priests in England inspired him with the desire to study for the priesthood. He said that the country's changing secularism was forsaking Protestantism and drawing near the Catholic outlook. He predicted that the conversion of the nation would not be in great mass movements, but quietly and unobtrusively. The Archbishop suggested that the members of the Guild adopt some person who had lapsed from the faith and pray for him.

Canon Thomas Fitzgerald, a priest in the East end of London and prominent in convert work, said that the faithful could be encouraged insofar as the ethical values recognizable at all were Catholic. "The ethos of England, especially in the West, at one time was Protestant. Today the ethos of the country is increasingly identifying religion with the Catholic faith. This can be seen as an undertone in films and novels. I can foresee a time when, with the growth of secularism the bulk of churchgoers will be Catholics and when the government, wishing to discuss religious matters, will discuss them with the representatives of the Catholic Church."

The meeting was for two days last May under the auspices of the Catholic Missionary Society. †

See back cover for details

Invitation Accepted

Continued from page 26

wouldn't have waited a week to mention the event to Brad. They must have had a serious discussion or judging from the state Brad was in they must have had a serious quarrel. Katherine doubted if there was anything she could do now except pray—"Oh dear God, help Donna and Brad to get everything straightened out soon."

On Sunday morning Katherine rushed about the house in her usual before Mass flurry. Chris, her three-year old, followed in her footsteps.

"Is my Donna coming?" his voice pleaded.

"I don't think so." Seeing the disappointment in his face she bent down for a moment to hug him.

"I miss Donna," she complained to George who was spooning pablum into Kathy's bubbly mouth, "and so do the children."

"Haven't you heard from her at all since last Sunday?" George asked.

"Just once, but she evaded the issue entirely. She wanted my recipe for that Swiss steak she and Brad ate over here one night."

The doorbell rang as Katherine was putting on her coat and Donna came in looking pale but lovely in a new beige suit.

"Please believe I wasn't being stubborn," she said swooping Chris up in her arms. "But I've had to think about so many things. I'm going to Mass with you." Then looking about for the baby she ran to the kitchen.

"Hi" she said shyly to George.

The baby bounced in her high chair for attention, her crystal eyes glowing with welcome. Donna deposited a rosy blob on her sticky cheek.

"Isn't Brad furious with you for coming?" Katherine inquired.

"I suppose so," she said. "But he didn't try to stop me. He just stares at me with that awful hurt look in his eyes. You see, I've decided to leave Brad. I'm going to see Father Ryan about starting instructions this week."

They were early for Mass and as Katherine fumbled in her bag for her rosary Donna made a sign for her to notice the slender dark-haired woman kneeling before them. "Ruth" she whispered.

Katherine glanced up at the erect shoulders, the glossy black hair under a tiny halo of a hat and as Ruth sat down she noticed the sweet smile that she gave to the big man at her side. She began to wonder which of the two were Catholic—Ruth or her husband—or both?

Father Ryan came out on the altar and Katherine concentrated on her Missal in order to check the wayward thoughts that pushed themselves forward. "I'll have to pray harder than I ever prayed before," she told herself.

When Katherine stood up to approach the Communion railing, Ruth preceded her up the aisle. Suddenly a deluge of jumbled thoughts began leaping about in her head. If Ruth was a Catholic and receiving the Sacraments that meant that her marriage to Brad was not binding, that maybe everything was going to work out all right for Donna. Then as she knelt at the altar waiting for the priest to give her Communion she prayed: "Dear God forgive me for my distractions, but thank you for the revelation."

As soon as they were out of Church, Katherine breathless and excited started asking Donna questions.

"Tell me something. Where were Brad and Ruth married?"

"They were married by a magistrate down in the West End."

"And where were you and Brad married?"

"We were married by a magistrate over in New Albany. What is this?" Donna asked, a quizzical little smile hovering on her lips. "You sound like a detective."

"I feel like one. Donna, you little monkey, why didn't you tell me Ruth was a Catholic. That makes a lot of difference." She took Donna's arm and led her toward the rectory next to the Church.

"We're going in here and talk to Father Ryan. I think he can clear up a lot of things for you."

After the interview, they came out again into the beauty of a May Sunday. They walked with their shoulders erect as though Father Ryan had just lifted a heavy weight from about their necks. They giggled like girls getting ready for their first dates.

"I'm so happy I could cry," Donna confided. "But Katherine, I was so excited when Father Ryan told me that Brad is actually my husband that I couldn't think straight. I'm afraid you'll have to explain it all over to me again.

"Of course, it's confusing," Katherine said sympathetically. "But even Catholics get mixed up about some of the matrimonial laws of the Church. Actually I'm ashamed that we do because it's so important to be kept well-informed."

"Do you mind explaining it again?" Donna asked with her usual persistency.

Katherine took a deep breath and attempted to repeat Father Ryan's exact words: "Ruth was a Catholic at the time she went through a wedding ceremony with Brad before a magistrate. It was just the same as no marriage at all because the laws of the Church *demand* that every Catholic be married by a priest. It doesn't make any difference whether a Catholic is marrying another Catholic or a Catholic is marrying a non-Catholic. In any case when a Catholic marries, the marriage must take place in the presence of a priest." "Do you have that all clear now?" she asked. Donna nodded.

"It's different with non-Catholics. When two baptized non-Catholics who are free to marry, get married either by a minister in a church or rectory, or by a magistrate at the City Hall, or at home or in a hotel, they are really and truly and sacramentally married. That's why the Church does not recognize their divorce. Christ said "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

"If Ruth had been a non-Catholic at the time she and Brad went down to the West End for the ceremony before the magistrate they would have been really and truly married in the eyes of God and the Church, and that marriage would have lasted until one of them died.

"But since Ruth was a Catholic no marriage really existed in the eyes of God. Even though Brad was in good faith and thought he was a married man, really he wasn't, and so, since he had no living wife, he was free to marry you.

"When you and Brad were married by the magistrate in New Albany that was a true marriage in the eyes of the Church and will last until death. Does that clear it up?"

"I think so, but just in case I need any help, I'll call on Father Ryan."

"And that's exactly what you're supposed to do."

That evening just as Katherine and George had settled themselves to watch the Ed Sullivan show, the Sanders burst in on them.

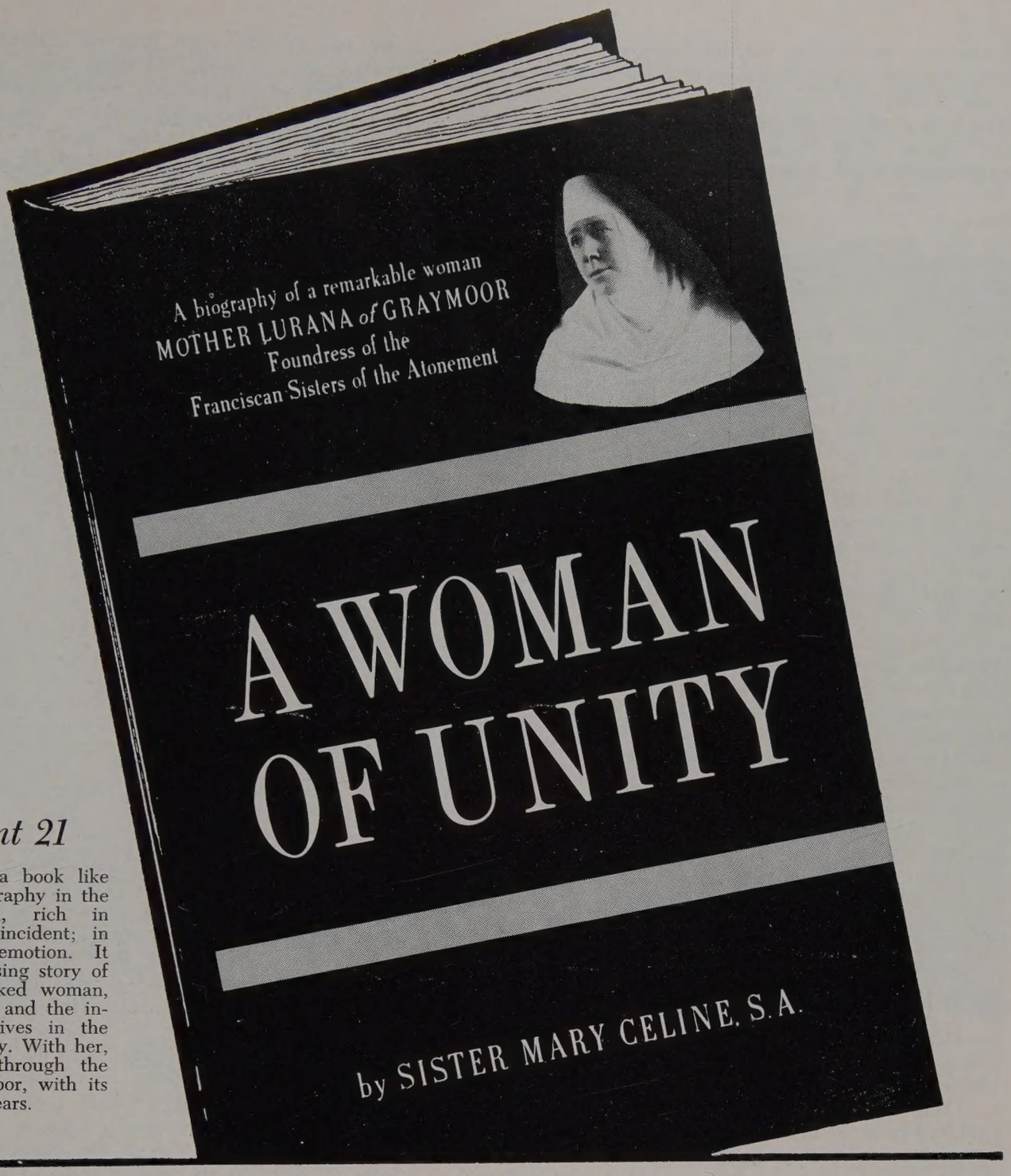
"Turn it off." Donna sang. "We have news for you. Brad is going to take instructions with me. We're starting next week."

"How wonderful!" Katherine exclaimed. "Now we'll have two Catholic neighbors."

"Tell them the rest, Brad," Donna said glowing.

Brad grinned self-consciously, then putting his arm around Donna, he said: "In about six months, my good people, you're going to have three Catholic neighbors." †

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan


A biography of a remarkable woman
MOTHER LURANA of GRAYMOOR
Foundress of the
Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement
A WOMAN OF UNITY
by SISTER MARY CELINE, S.A.

Installment 21

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

Chapter 9—(Continued) My Vows I Will Pay

In her solicitude for the new postulant, lest she be overtired, the Novice Mistress sent her off to bed. It had its advantages. It also had its disadvantages: she missed the evening recreation. She determined then and there she would never stay in a house where people did not talk to each other. She would give them till morning and if she saw they had let the sun go down on their anger, she would leave on the first train! As breakfast was taken in silence, she almost carried out her resolve. But once she had been introduced to the Community, she decided to stay. She did, for a long time, as long as life lasted. She died in 1944, full of merits, as a Second Nocturn would have it.

Another postulant of this period was Mary Buxton, who in 1900, with her brother-in-law and sister, had donated the funds necessary to purchase the Mount.

One would have to know Mary Buxton to realize she would not stop with a money thank-offering. She would have to go the whole way! Having entered the Church, she began to think in terms of the religious life. So it was in April, 1913, that Florence Locke received a letter from Mother Lurana asking her to meet Miss Buxton, who was due to arrive from England. Miss Locke would have met every steamer on the Atlantic coast, were that possible, once Mother Lurana requested it, but she had to teach that afternoon, and thus arrived at the wharf sometime after the passengers had left the boat. Very few people were in sight and steamship officials could give no information. Miss

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See back cover for details

Locke was in dismay, for the newcomer seemed to have disappeared into thin air. Suddenly, as she rounded a corner Florence came upon the dainty English lady, gracefully seated on her trunk, surrounded by hat boxes and luggage of all descriptions. Salvation Army women were tearfully pleading with her to board their little black wagon and go home with them. (They, too, had been sent to meet a passenger!) Why were they claiming Miss Buxton? Because her love for the Society of the Atonement had prompted her to print a huge S.A. on each piece of baggage. The larger parcels boasted two S.A.'s. In vain did she insist that she did not belong to the Salvation Army. In vain did the ladies persist she did! Things were at a deadlock when Miss Locke arrived on the scene but an emphatic, decidedly English "I shan't go with you. Indeed, I shan't!" convinced her that her quest had ended. Miss Locke gathered up Mary Buxton, bag and baggage, and together they went off to the Locke apartment for the evening. "To think," the traveller murmured as they drove along in the carriage, "to think I might have been with them!" "Small wonder," retorted Florence bluntly. "You have enough S.A.'s on your luggage to make them keep you for life."

Sister Amelia had been appointed Novice Mistress and the little boat of the Society went sailing along very smoothly. God, however, does not leave those whom He loves without a cross for very long. This time it came in the form of sickness, and Sister Amelia was chosen by God as the cross-bearer. Mother Lurana addressed a letter to her in Saint Francis Hospital, "About your going to your mother, ask God's guidance. Dr. Giles is very much in favor of a change for you, when you are well enough to travel. I do not intend to force you to do so at all, but this seems a providential opening. If you go, we will provide the money for the journey. Think what a happiness it will be for us to welcome you home *well*, D.V., at Christmas." And again, "Go, believing it is God's Will and don't worry about the novitiate or anything else. Ask our Blessed Mother to be their Mother and Mistress until your return and She will keep them good and happy, never fear." And still later, "The Cardinal (Farley) sent me his blessing, as he said, 'from my heart,' wasn't that loving and good of him? So I will send you your Mother's blessing, from her heart for the feast day."

Then, because Sister Amelia had not fully recovered by Christmas time, the Mother wrote, "I am indeed sorry to know that your strength is coming back so slowly. I will have to say to you what Reverend Father keeps saying to me, 'Patience, Patience.' We are sending you a tiny, little box, not anything so grand and delightful as the Omaha box which just arrived last evening. How we did enjoy just looking at the *outside* of each mysterious package. Do thank your dear mother for all the trouble she must have gone to, in making the candy and everything." Sister Amelia eventually recovered her health.

Meanwhile the Mother Foundress developed a bronchial condition, which was the beginning of a series of maladies that would continue till her death. She found it very difficult to breathe, especially at night. She asked only that God would give her sufficient health to carry out the work He had destined her to do, if such were His Holy Will. When she sent the Community's donation for Peter's Pence to the Secretary of State, she enclosed a letter which she asked him to read to His Holiness Pope Pius X. In it she told of her illness and requested his blessing and prayers for her recovery, God willing it. Cardinal Merry del Val's letter acknowledging the offering concluded, "Our Holy Father moreover directed me to express to you His sympathy with you in your own personal affliction, and while sending you a special blessing, most willingly prays Almighty God to grant you every grace and to shower upon you and the good works of the Society of the Atonement, all blessings and favors." Commenting on the letter, the Foundress remarked, "I surely ought to get well now." Though God did not see fit to give her perfect health, He did bestow on her the necessary strength to accomplish His Will in the works of the Community and that was all she wanted.

Did she have a premonition that she had asked the prayers of a future Saint? Years later in another letter to Cardinal Merry del Val, she wrote:

"I am often asked when I am going to Rome. I was there many years ago, while still an Anglican, and I venerated the great bronze statue of Saint Peter in his Chair, with all my heart. Much as I should like to go this year, it is impossible, but if God spares my life and if it is the Divine Will, I would like to be in Rome for the happy day of the canonization of him, whom all the world calls 'Il Santo.' "

Before the year 1914 had ended, the Father Founder was writing in *The Lamp*, "In the passing of His Holiness Pope Pius X from the Papal Chair in Rome to the companionship of Saint Peter and his Successors in the great assembly of the Church Triumphant, the Catholic Church on earth mourns the death of a saint. Whereas the Society of the Atonement shares with all the rest of Catholic Christendom in the benefits which have flowed to the Church universal through his far-reaching reforms, Graymoor owes a debt of yet deeper gratitude to the late Sovereign Pontiff, for he is was who opened the door of Peter's Fold and bade us welcome to its sacred inclosure when we knocked for entrance. He might have refused our petition to receive us in a corporate body and to preserve our Name and Institute. There was but a handful of us and he might have rejected our extraordinary request and bade us make our individual submission and be content with that. The Society of the Atonement, therefore, owes its very life as an Institute to him whom we must ever call in a unique and special sense *Our* Holy Father. Our Lord said of Mary Magdalene, 'She hath loved much because she hath been forgiven much,' and we know not among the children of Pius X any who have greater cause to love him out of sheer gratitude than the Children of the Atonement. It has already become our prayer that God will hasten the day of his canonization, and we hope ere long to see Joseph Sarto as Pius X elevated to the altars of the Church."

It was in quite uneventful ways that Mother Lurana trained her Religious. A gift of some sample silks became a seed which gradually developed into the Graymoor Tabernacle Guild, in which the Sisters make Gothic vestments as a means of support. They continued to visit the homes in the vicinity and to help the needy in every way they could. "We drove way back in the country," the Mother recorded, "to take some proper burial clothing, holy water and candles for the poor little baby that Reverend Father baptized yesterday. It died today." Sometime later she noted, "This morning Father phoned from the Friary to say that the elderly man who has been cementing our convent was found very ill. He is nice and cozy at present in the Friary basement kitchen. I sent up a message that I would go to see him tomorrow. They (the Sisters) would not let me go out in the cold and the storm that is raging today. May he have a happy death if his hour has come. I sent him a crucifix and a blessed candle. The Brothers will watch beside him tonight."

(Continued next month)

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them

GRAYMOOR

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Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York

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Single membership $5.00 Deceased

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"Lay up treasure for yourselves in Heaven, where there is no moth or rust to consume it, no thieves to break in and steal."

This sound advice was given to all men and all women by Our Blessed Lord in His Great Sermon of the Beatitudes. He then added: "For where thy treasure is, there also will thy heart be." And, of course, we know that the measure of our treasure in Heaven is the love with which we store it there.

In the temple, Christ seeing the poor widow giving her mite so freely and so generously said: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who have been putting money into the treasury. For they all have put in out of their abundance; but she out of her want has put in all that she had—all that she had to live on."

Many men and women to whom God has entrusted the blessing of material things in this world do not seem to realize that they are, as far as God is concerned, only stewards of these material blessings. For with every grace, every gift, every talent God gives a corresponsive responsibility of using it to spread His Kingdom upon the earth.

"Death comes once to every man and after that the judgment," when he shall have to render a strict account of all graces, all gifts, all talents. Yes, even more, for Christ says: "Of every idle word men speak, they shall give an account on the day of judgment."

Knowing all this, we urge you, our friends, to provide for the disposition of these God-given gifts in a way that will certainly be pleasing to God—the Giver of all good Gifts.

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Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Without Obligation, please send me further information about your Graymoor Annuity Plan.

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